

BIBLE LESSONS and LECTURES

By A. J. EDWARDS

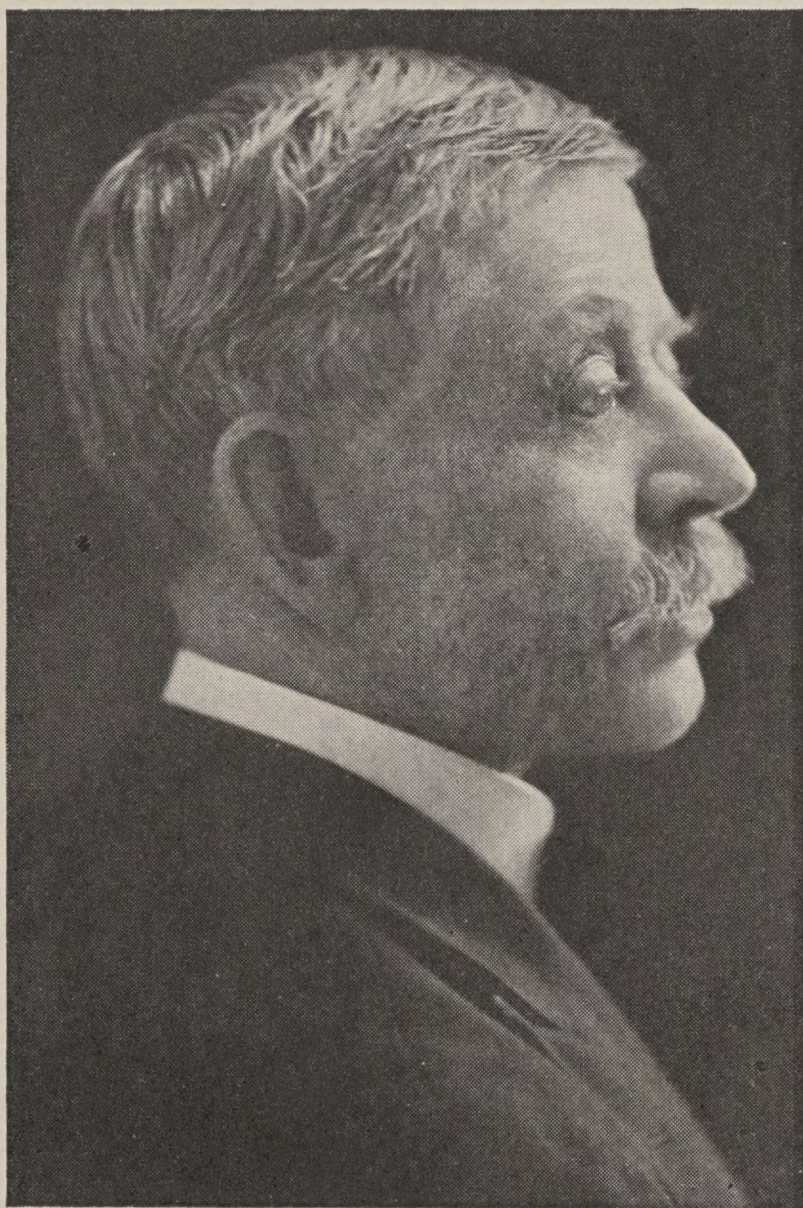


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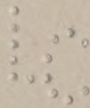
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A. J. EDWARDS
AUTHOR OF BIBLE LESSONS AND LECTURES

Bible Lessons and Lectures

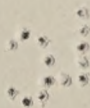
Andrew
By
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Press of
MARSHALL & BRUCE CO.
Nashville, Tenn.

BR125
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By A. J. Edwards



APR 15 1922

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no 1

SHB 4 May 1922

DEDICATION.

To my Children, whose precious Mother gave her
life so freely, and so willingly, that they
might live, this volume is
affectionately dedicated

by
THE AUTHOR.

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BIBLE LESSONS AND LECTURES

By A. J. Edwards.

Being a compilation of lectures, some of which were delivered many years before the author conceived the idea of writing them into a book, together with lessons of information, which have been acquired by the most diligent study, and constant prayer to God for help and guidance.

A prayer has accompanied every line in this book, that God would permit nothing to be written therein that would be harmful to His righteous, blessed cause.

THE AUTHOR.

BIBLE LESSONS AND LECTURES

By A. J. Edwards.

Printed on pebble paper, neatly bound in full linen, 300 pages, choicest reading matter, may be had by addressing Bible Lessons and Lectures Company, Fort Worth, Texas.

Price postpaid, \$1.25 per copy.

In lots of ten or more, \$1.00 per copy.
Postage paid.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

A. J. Edwards, born in Texas, 1858. Son of
Andrew J. Edwards, born in Tenn., 1825, died 1878.

Son of
Victor Edwards, born in N. C. 1797, died 1869. Son
of

William Edwards, born in Conn. 1748, died 1799.

Son of
Rev. Jonathan Edwards, born in Conn. 1703, died
1758. Son of

Rev. Timothy Edwards, born in Conn. 1669, died
1758. Son of

Richard Edwards, born in Conn. 1645. Son of
William Edwards, born in Wales, 1622. Son of

"Clergyman" Edwards, born in the wilds of Wales
before an English settlement was made in
America.

WHY I WROTE THIS BOOK

The first desire that came to me to write a book was to write one in favor of infidelity.

Why such a desire should come to me will be apparent to those who read the contents of this volume.

But later in life, after seeing how easily I had been deluded and led into false impressions, and erroneous ideas, there came upon me a desire to give to the world a correction of those wrong impressions that came so near undoing me.

Just how to go about this was a puzzle to me. At no time in my life have I ever had an impression that I should go into the pulpit and labor for the Master in that way. But all the time there has been a burning desire to help those who may be entangled in those same woeful webs of delusion.

I felt it to be my duty, in some way, to correct those errors, as far as it was in my power to do so.

For years I worried over the matter. How could I do my duty to my fellow man who might be led astray by infidelity?

While worrying, there came clearly to me these words: WRITE IT IN A BOOK.

At no time since that moment have I ever wavered in my determination to write this message. But it has been exceedingly difficult for me to do this piece of work. No mortal will ever know the obstacles I have had to overcome.

Then there came, also, this thought, that no book of importance is read or appreciated during the lifetime of the author; and it would be the proper way to get all the manuscript together, and let the work appear at its own good season. But this plan did not give me satisfaction. Then there came to me the desire and the determination to WRITE IT NOW.

THE AUTHOR.

FRONTIER LIFE

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON I.

I was born at Ft. Belknap, in Young County, Texas, July 1st, 1858. So far as I have been able to ascertain, no child had been born of white parents that far west in Texas, at that date.

My father was in some way connected with the soldiers there and was sheriff of the county at that time.

But during the Civil War we resided in Wise County, Texas. Now, the Indians in that section, at that time, were extremely troublesome. They stole our horses, killed some of our neighbors, and made living in that part of the state very hazardous.

It was in that county that I attended my first school. It was taught in a small log house, had split log benches for seats. My teacher's name was C. C. Leonard. I have in my possession at this time a letter written to me by that teacher forty years ago. I prize it very highly.

One morning as we were going to that little school, my oldest brothers and sisters and I, we heard behind us a rumbling noise. Looking back, we saw a huge wild buffalo coming along our trail at tremendous speed. He was a magnificent animal. We ran quickly to one side of the path and hid in the bushes. He passed very near us, and seemed to whisper us pretty closely, but went on his way.

That evening after school, the Indians killed one of our school mates; his name was Logan Higgins, a boy of twelve years of age. They shot five arrows into his body, scalped him, and threw his body into the bushes, where neighbors found it the next morning, cold and stiff in death.

We were called upon to undergo many other harrowing experiences during those early years of Indian warfare and depredations.

I might mention here, that the very first word I ever remember learning to spell was the word war; and from that day to this, it has been war, war, war. War physically, war mentally, war spiritually. Sometimes the conqueror, sometimes the vanquished. And I suppose that it will be war, war, war, until we pass under the rod.

I must relate this little incident. Father was making molasses; that's what we called it that day and time. Night came on, we were at the cooking vat. I was but a small lad, but was helping. Presently we heard some one singing. What is that? in-

quired a neighbor, who was helping us. It's daughter, said father, holding family prayer. She takes my place when I'm away. She was singing the song, My Jesus I Love Thee, I Know Thou Art Mine.

That has been more than fifty years ago, but that song is still ringing in my ears. That sister has been in the grave more than forty years, but I have not forgotten the song.

Sometimes, when thinking back over those perilous times, I wonder if prayer hasn't had something to do with my being here today, and being permitted to deliver this message.

I will mention an incident that took place in our camp. We were all gathered together in a fort, as was customary for the neighbors to do on moonlight nights when expecting a raid from the Indians. Some of the youngsters decided to have a little fun to relieve the monotony. So they arranged for a part of them to dress up like Indians and slip up to the camp, while the others were to remain in the camp, and at the proper time cry out: Indians! The scheme worked alright, except one of the men, old man Ross, ran against a tree and peeled his head badly. From that time on, I have never been much of an advocate of pranks.

The first time I ever remember going to church, I rode on a horse behind my father. What do you guess was on the saddle in front of him? Well, it was a six shooter and a flint-lock rifle. Carry guns

to church? you say. Yes, but father had a reason for it. And riding along with us on another animal, was mother with sister riding on behind her. Well, that was some going to church, you say. It sure was.

You ask about the Sunday schools? Yes. Even though the country was wild and unsettled, there was a Sunday school. I remember quite well, though more than half a century has passed since then, having attended that Sunday school. My quarterly, or annually, rather, was the blue back spelling book. The advanced classes had the Bible. I remember that on Sunday mornings, especially if it should happen to be muddy or sloppy, that my sisters, almost grown then, would take their shoes and stockings in their hands and carry them along that way, till they came in sight of the house, then they would slip them on and go on up to the Sunday school.

Shoes were very scarce in this part of Texas, that day and time, and by managing it that way, my sisters could not only save the appearance of their shoes, but could save the shoes also.

How about their beaux? you ask. Well, I think that must have been before beaux came in fashion.

I think I'll have to tell you about my first love scrape. It happened during one of the very first schools I attended.

Now, I was not so very large then, believe me, and we had about two miles to walk to school. Our road went right by a neighbor's house, and they had one of the prettiest little girls. Oh, my, but she was pretty! So I claimed her. Her name was Amanda. She was not yet old enough to attend school.

Now it happened that, if in that long walk to school I became weary or tired out, one of the big brothers would take me on his back and carry me awhile. But I didn't want Amanda to know that my brothers had to carry me. So, when we came in sight of her house, I would want to walk. But just then the brothers would want to carry me.

Right when I wanted to walk the most, was when they wanted to carry me the most.

A few years later, we moved away from that section of the country, and I never did know what became of Amanda. But I do sincerely trust that she got a husband that would not play the hypocrite with her, trying to make her believe he was man enough to walk the whole of the way when he wasn't.

Well, those frontier times have passed away. They were weird, dangerous, enchanting, perilous and fascinating, but we have them in our Lone Star State no more.

And the crafty, cunning, wily savage has gone his way. That one, whose commands must be obeyed, has spoken the words: Take therefore the talent from him, and give it to him which hath the ten talents.

May God bless you in the care of those talents.

I thank you.

THE LESSON A HORSE TAUGHT ME

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON II.

I remember when a boy at home on the farm, that my father most always kept a bunch of horses. Not very many, and they were of different sizes, ages, and colors, mostly work horses and ponies. One of these horses, a good sized work horse of a dun color, we called "Old Pacer."

Now, at evening time, if the cows should happen to be tardy about coming in, some of us boys would mount old Pacer and quickly bring them into the fold; or, of a Sunday evening if we kids wanted to take a spin, three or four of us at a time would mount old Pacer and away we would go spinning.

I remember that, if it should be cold or snow on the ground, and we needed a load of wood hauled in, or if it should be muddy, and a load of corn or feed was to be hauled out of the field, father

would say: Boys, you had better hitch up old Pacer and one of the others and do this work; it will be safer to work old Pacer.

Well, we would catch old Pacer and one of the others, get the bridles and harness on them, and hitch them up to the wagon, taking care that all the lines were fastened. Everything in readiness, we mount the wagon and give a cluck to old Pacer. He moves gently forward against the collar, but the other one moves gently backward against the breeching. It takes us but a few moments to realize that this last mentioned horse needs the greatest part of our attention.

Now, there is an adage that every one can make a balky horse pull, except the poor fellow that owns him.

We begin to try out our various kinds of persuaders, but the more we persuade him to move forward, the more determined he is to move backward; but we diligently persuade him, first on one side and then on the other, and then on one end and then on the other, until at last, in his desperation, he decides he has been trying to advance in the wrong direction. He then moves forward with a lunge that startles the whole business, even to old Pacer. Oh my, that singletree! But father had made that himself out of the best of black walnut timber. The lunge sets all the wheels in motion, away he goes down the road, pulling the whole

wagon, all us boys, and two-thirds of old Pacer. After going two or three hundred yards, he decides he is acting over-zealous in the matter, and slows down; old Pacer picks up his share of the burden, and for the rest of the day all goes along smoothly.

I made up my mind right then and there that, all the rest of my life long, I will follow in the footsteps of old Pacer.

SOWING AND REAPING

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON III.

Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.

The truth of these words, spoken by one in authority, many hundreds of years ago, has through the centuries proved absolutely true.

Sowing means planting the seed, whether expecting, or not expecting, to reap a harvest.

Now we believe that there are few greater pleasures coming to man than when he is sowing the golden grain, expecting to reap a bountiful harvest. Also, we rather believe that a disturbed feeling comes to that individual who is sowing that peculiar kind of seed from which he hopes to reap no harvest, yet he knows full well that the statement is true, that some day he will reap as he is sowing.

In considering this subject, we must notice that there are three angles presenting themselves: how to sow, when to sow, and where to sow—angles of much importance.

Farmers, with their varied experience, have not yet been able to settle some of the mooted questions in regard to sowing.

We have heard them speak of planting on the moon. Others claim that they plant in the ground. Yet, neither can tell which has the advantage, or which is the better plan.

As to the proper time to plant, we are disposed to take the Bible instructions for it. This book tells us to sow in the morning.

Well, who would have thought of it in that light? Why should we sow in the morning? But reading a bit further, we read: And in the evening withhold not thy hand.

Every intelligent farmer readily sees the meaning and the importance of this divine injunction and applies it in both late and early planting.

Likewise, every intelligent individual readily sees the spiritual meaning as it applies to sowing in the morning of life, and also, to the sowing in the evening of life.

It is rather the purpose of this lecture to prove the truth of the statement, As ye sow, so shall ye reap.

There comes into my mind just now, a certain Bible incident, in which King David did some sowing, and also did some reaping.

It has always been perplexing to me why this man of God should do this abominable deed. Reveling in

wealth, surrounded by every luxury that heart could desire, he sows the bitterest seed that mortal man can sow; and reaps the bitterest harvest that mortal man could reap.

The sowing of this careless mortal consisted in utterly deceiving one of his most trusted friends, a friend who was not only willing to do so, but who did give his life in defense of the one who was so basely deceiving him.

We see this trusting and confiding man as he flatly refuses to accept any privilege not accorded to fellow soldiers in the army.

We see him with sealed letter in his hand, a missive that speaks his doom, as he wends his way to the front of the army.

We see him as he delivers the death bearing epistle to his commander.

We see him as he obeys the command to charge that fortified wall, defying death from the missiles.

We see him as he falls to earth, bleeding, dying; his quivering form, his glassy eyes. He has given it all for his king. Uriah passes over.

Ah, cruel king, yonder in that home of splendor, in that home of luxury, you are reveling, you are sowing the bitterest seed that mortal man can sow, and presently you will reap the bitterest harvest that mortal man can reap.

Bitter seed was in the sowing; bitter anguish will be the reaping.

We see him as he gazes upon that dying baby, dying because of his bitter sowing.

We see him in later years as, from place to place, into the caves and into the mountains, he flees from his rebellious sons.

We see him, as his own dear wives mock him, with unhuman unkindness.

We see him, still reaping the bitter harvest, when that precious daughter casts dust upon her head, having been overpowered by a brutal half brother, as she goes forth from that building, with heart bleeding, and tears streaming, she wends her way in anguish.

Ah, mortal man, you did some bitter sowing, and you did some bitter reaping.

Be not deceived, God is not mocked, for whatsoever a man soweth that shall he also reap.

THE TEACHER

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the Author.*

LESSON IV.

It gives me great pleasure, my young teacher friends, to address you on this occasion. The pleasure is so much increased when we come to consider your all important calling.

I suppose that it would be proper at this time to follow the custom and make the apology.

Now, I am not by the apology as was Dinah, the good old colored cook. I am sure you have all heard this story.

It happened that the mistress of the house had some visitors drop in very unexpectedly and right up near the noon hour, and caught her without anything much to fix up for the dinner.

After seating her guests, she slips out into the kitchen and says: Dinah, you'll have to make an apology today for the dinner. Der lor, Missus, says

Dinah, how can I make de apology when der's no flour, nor no sugar, nor no nuffin to make de apology out uv?

Now, I have something to make the apology out of. It is this. You know that there is a saying that a prize fighter can't come back. After he has gone into the ring and has won his world-wide renown as a great fighter, and has retired for a season, he can fight no more. Any school kid can lick him then. So it is with the teacher, after he has gone about his mission of teaching, and has filled many a school room with his eloquence, and has retired for a season, he can't come back. Any school kid can beat him making a speech after that.

Now, I offer this as my apology, that you may know the why of the great failure now before you.

In casting about for something to say of the teacher, we might ask the question, Why be a teacher, anyway?

What is the object in entering the profession of teaching?

Is it money? A desire to accumulate wealth? Now my dear young teacher, if you are carrying that idea along with you, I would advise you to be by that idea as the darkey was by the possum. He had been out hunting, and had caught him the finest possum. My, but he was a dandy. He was taking him home, carrying him along by the tail, thinking how, when he got home with him, he would kill him and cook him, and

oh, the possum and the taters. His mouth was just watering. He was going along the street. Just then a fellow over on the sidewalk, that could throw his voice, saw him with the possum. He threw his voice out there and made the possum say: What are you going to do with me? The darkey looked down at the possum and said: I's gui'in to drap you right here.

Now if any of you young teachers have the wealth idea, I would advise you to drap that idea right here.

Speaking of the wealth of the teacher reminds me of the old saying that the teacher was as poor as Job's turkey.

Now, you all know how poor Job's turkey was. His turkey was so poor he had but one feather to his name and had to lean up against the fence to gobble.

But my experience, at least in my teaching days, was that the teacher was poorer than Job's turkey. He was as poor as the old lady Job's turkey. Do you know how poor the old lady Job's turkey was? Her turkey was so poor that he didn't have a single feather to his name and had no fence to lean up against to gobble. Well, that is about the way of it with the teacher. He has no fence to lean up against to gobble.

So we rather doubt that money or wealth can be the teacher's goal, or the real reward which our teachers are seeking.

Well, is it matrimony? Now for divers reasons, some of them best known to myself, I will pass that phase of the question.

Is it a stepping stone to some higher or nobler profession? I might reluctantly admit that there is one higher or nobler profession, but only one; and the teacher who enters the teacher's profession as a stepping stone to some other profession will find it as the darkey said about the road to the chicken roost, a crooked road to trabble.

I believe, just here, I will pass this phase of the question, and let each of you young teachers determine in your own mind, just why you are entering this field of labor.

We might now consider some other problems confronting the teacher.

First—Preparedness. Now the fact that you are here in this great school, coming, some of you, even hundreds of miles, is evidence that you have considered this proposition and have already settled the matter of preparedness.

How to secure a school.—Now this topic brings to my mind an incident. I am sure you have all heard part of the story, but probably not all of it.

A certain young teacher, desiring a school, called upon one of the trustees of the school and made known his mission. Said the trustee: Now, before we employ you to teach our school, we wish to know whether you teach that the world is round like a punkin or flat like a sasser.

The young teacher, finding himself in a dilemma, studied for a moment, then replied: Mr. Trustee, I have been off to college, have given this subject very close consideration, and am now prepared to teach either method.

Now, you have all heard that part of the story, but did you hear whether he did or did not get the school? Well, he sure did.

A similar, though rather worse experience than this, came to me in my early school work.

Having taught out my welcome in a certain neighborhood, I decided to seek new fields to conquer, and having heard of a school in a nearby county that was in need of a teacher, and also, having heard that an old time neighbor of ours was one of the trustees of that school, I made up my mind to land that school. And fortunately for me, the trustee, Uncle Bill as we called him, was better acquainted with my father than with me.

So, mounted on my ought-to-be-a-mule, I went after that school. Hunting up the trustee, Uncle Bill, I made known my mission.

He was so glad to see me, so glad I had come to apply for the school. He thought so much of my father, he said.

And such a pleasant conversation, and such a splendid dinner. But in the talk that followed, he said: Andy, what do you think about all this bosh, teaching that the world is round, anyway?

Now, you can see at once that I didn't have half the show that the other teacher had. He didn't know to which theory his trustee adhered, and had a getting out place. But I knew to which theory my trustee leaned, and had absolutely no escape. Did I get the school? you say. Well, I sure did. I managed it and got the school.

Now, whatever you do, don't think for a moment that I am advising you to be two-faced, or to ever play the part of the bat. But, my dear young teachers, you will find in your chosen profession, that there will come up things that you will just simply have to manage.

The teacher's place in society.—Well, with the amount of wealth accredited to him in the first part of this lecture, it is not to be expected that he will cut any very great swell in society.

However, he is an important factor, and with discretion he becomes a very important factor.

There are some old sayings, such as, Still water runs deep, A still tongue for a wise head, etc., that the teacher might think about. This little incident exemplifies this thought. There was a certain parrot that could whistle. My, but he was the finest whistler. He could out-whistle whistling Rufus. So one day he whistled him up a bunch of dogs. When the dogs gathered around him, the parrot called out: Sic him, Sic him. The dogs looking around and seeing nothing to sic but the parrot, lit on to him,

wooled him around awhile, got most of the feathers off him, and went away. The parrot, straightening himself up, said: I know what is the matter with me, I talk too much.

While this rather applies to society, there is an application in the school room.

Now, the difference between a preacher or a lecturer, and the teacher, is this: The preacher or lecturer can open his mouth and make everybody else shut theirs. The teacher can shut his mouth, and make everybody else's mouth fly open.

Jesus of Nazareth is called the great teacher. Now, if ever in the examination, you are called upon to state why Jesus of Nazareth is called the great teacher, you answer: Because he drew his lessons from nature; and the board will pass you. But there is another reason. Jesus of Nazareth could shut his mouth and make everybody else's mouth fly open. When those scribes and Pharisees came bothering around him, he would simply ask them a question, and close his mouth. Then their lips and jaws would go flopping around trying to speak forth the answer.

How to teach a school.—Now, my young teachers, you are here in this great Normal school, spending weeks, even months, studying this all-important question, and under the teaching of the best instructors that money can secure, and for me to at-

tempt, in the few minutes I have to speak to you, to tell you how to teach school, would be folly indeed.

However, I will mention one point, originality. Many young teachers, noticing the successful work of some older and more experienced teacher, try to emulate that teacher. It is right and proper, and of great advantage to the young teacher, to watch closely the methods of older and more experienced teachers, but the young teacher should not lose sight of himself.

No two teachers can teach exactly alike, any more than they can look exactly alike. There must be originality. Close observation is indeed a great help, but originality is the key to success.

Striving to make the schools of our country better.—Just here we might notice some of the important changes that have been brought about, in the last half century, here in our Lone Star State.

I remember quite well when there was no uniform system of text books in our schools. There we had the several different kinds of grammars and of arithmetics. In fact, all the different studies were represented by different kinds of text books. And often, too, only one teacher to care for the whole business.

I want to tell you folks that we teachers, that day and time, had some business on our hands, believe me.

I will tell you further, that when the first efforts were being put forth to bring about a uniform system of text books, that many of the patrons of the schools fought it bitterly. They claimed that such a law would be encroaching upon their rights and upon their liberty, that they would be forced to use books not to their liking. But happily wiser heads prevailed.

It might surprise you, should I tell you that when the very first teachers' institutes were being organized, here in this part of the state, they were met with bitter opposition. Many patrons of the schools claimed that it was a scheme of the teachers to bleed them for higher salaries.

Well, we teachers that day and time, had our ups and downs; mostly downs, however. And looking back over those trying years, I rather believe that we gave universal dissatisfaction.

Now this parting word: be loyal to your profession, be firm, be energetic, be diligent in your work, and in years to come you will reap a reward, and though that reward may not be in dollars and cents, it will be a reward that dollars and cents will not purchase from you.

I thank you and may God bless you.

WOMAN

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON V.

Somewhere, I have read or heard this little anecdote. The husband was sitting in his home quietly reading his Bible. Starting up, suddenly, he exclaimed: Wife, it says here that there appeared a great wonder in heaven. Says the wife, anxiously: What was it, John? Says he: It was a woman.

Of course these anecdotes must be taken with salt, but I do believe that there are some women, should they ever appear in heaven, it would indeed be a wonder.

Now, this is not speaking disparagingly of woman, for is she not the capsheaf of all God's creation? Most assuredly. For when the Lord went about his work of the creation, he began with the lower order of things, the herbs, the grass, the beasts, etc., and on up, step by step, till man was created in his own image, and the last, and the crowning act of all, he

created woman. Thus we readily see that woman occupies the highest position in God's creation. But is it not a fact, that from this high position, if she dares to do so, she can take a plunge that will place her on the lowest level? Most assuredly. She can of her own accord place herself beneath all other beings.

Now the purpose of this lecture is to bring out and prove clearly the truth of this assertion.

History has always been one of my favorite studies. To read of the exploits and the achievements of men and women, and peoples and nations. I believe the most thrilling and soul-stirring incident it has been my lot to read, is one given in the Bible, in the book of Judges.

Now it appears that the children of Israel were the chosen people of God, and the people upon whom he most lavishly bestowed his blessings. But in return for these favors, God exacted of them strict obedience to his laws; on failure of this, he allowed other nations to oppress and worry them.

This was the case at the time of the incident referred to, and King Jabin, the Canaanite, with his armies, had pillaged and plundered the Israelites just as they saw fit, until the Israelites cried mightily to their God for help, for relief from their oppressors.

It had been the custom for years for King Jabin's armies, whenever they desired to do so, to go into the land of the Israelites, and carry away with them

the cattle, the sheep, the wheat, or anything else they wished to appropriate to their own use, and the Israelites were helpless to defend themselves.

Now, it happens that about this time King Jabin calls a council of war, and he, with his great general, Sisera, and other notables of his armies, plot and formulate one of the most dastardly marauding expeditions of which it has been my privilege to read. With their great and powerful armies they were to plunder the whole land of the Israelites from end to end, not for the purpose of getting cattle, sheep or wheat, but the purpose was to slay every one of the Israelites, except the damsels, and to bring these away as captives to their own country, to be used by their own men for their own greed and pleasure.

Oh! God, my God, was there ever on earth another such a dastardly marauding expedition planned as this? It has not been my privilege to read of a parallel to this, even in the cruelties of the red savages of America, or the heathen or cannibals of the earth. But such was the purpose of this expedition, as planned by King Jabin, his great general, Sisera, and others. Seemingly there is nothing to prevent their carrying out their heinous intentions.

So with their pompous army, and their nine hundred chariots of iron, under the leadership of the great general Sisera, they march gallantly away to the land of the Israelites. Approaching near the main city of this weak and dejected people, they pitch

their camp. Would it be possible for us to imagine the horror, the dismay, of this poor people, knowing as they did, the intentions of the oncoming foe? No words could express their dismay. They cry mightily to their God. Will he hear them? Will he answer their prayers? Now it happens that the ruler of this oppressed people, at this time, is a woman, Deborah, and when she learns of the approach of the enemy, and she knows of their brutal and heinous intentions; and when she thinks of those precious damsels of her country that are soon to be carried away in chains as trophies of war, to become the slaves of those brutal, cruel men, her soul is stirred within her. She determines, with God's help, to save them from this horrible fate. She calls to her, General Barak, and she says, Up, Barak, up, for God will deliver King Jabin's army into your hands. But Barak remonstrates that it will be useless. For twenty years, says he, the Canaanites have done as they pleased to do, and trembling and quaking till his knees smite together, he refuses to go. But Deborah says: Up, Barak, up. Barak says: Deborah, I'll tell you what I'll do. If you will go along with the army, I'll go; but if you will not go along, I will not go. Well, who ever heard of a general demanding of his queen or king, or his president, that they go with the army to the front? Well, here it is. Deborah says: I'll go. The bugle is blown; the trumpet sounds throughout the land of Zebulon and

Naphtalin. The plaintiff pleading of precious mothers, as they cry out: Save our daughters! The army quickly gathered together, led by Deborah and Barak, march away to meet the foe, with that determination unmistakable.

Now, by chance, it seems, Deborah and Barak have made the mistake of leading their army too far to one side, and they pass the army of General Sisera. That shrewd and wily chieftain, quick to see his advantage, slips his great and magnificent army between the Israelites and their base of supplies not realizing for a moment that while he is doing this, he is also putting the Israelites between his army and his base of supplies. The two armies clash and oh, what a battle! The plaintive pleading: Save our daughters, rings in the ears of that band of heroes. They fight like demons. With Sisera, and all his magnificent army, something seems to be going wrong. The steeds rear and plunge and crash together, the chariot wheels come off, the men become demoralized, lose their wits, and the Israelites are slaying them by scores and hundreds.

General Sisera, in his dismay, seeing all is lost, slips off of his chariot of iron and takes up the gulch. Oh my, how he runs!

But let us leave him there for a moment and watch the titanic struggle between the armies. The Canaanites, demoralized, beaten and cut off from their line of retreat, are mowed down till not one is left. Not a messenger is left to carry home the news of the

defeat, not one. But turn our minds to Sisera. See the broad-shouldered, stalwart, well-muscled man, as he flees away from that battlefield. But close behind him, on his heels, are some broad-shouldered, well-muscled Israelites. Oh my! What a race, as they speed over hill and dale. Sisera says: If I can only reach the tent of Heber, the Kenite, he will hide me and save me. He adds distance to his pursuers, and when he reaches the last height, and looks down on Heber's tent, his foes are not in sight. Surely he is safe. He reaches the tent, someone meets him at the door. It's a woman, Jael; she says: Turn in, I'll save you. As he turns in he says: You stand in the door and if anyone comes, you tell them there is no man here. Ah! Did you ever hear of a great general begging a woman to tell a lie to save him? Well, here it is. He turns in. She gives him food and drink. Exhausted, he quickly slumbers. Jael takes a nail and the tent hammer, places the nail at his temple, and with unerring stroke she drives it deep into his brain; and the proud Sisera passes over the way.

One more scene, and the curtain falls. Yonder in that country from whence came that cruel, pompous army, is one looking out through the lattices of the window. It's a woman, the mother of the fallen Sisera. She is watching, day after day, for the return of that pompous army. Impatiently she says: Why don't they come? Why don't they return? Did they not speed? Then turning to her ladies in wait-

ing, she says: Surely they come, yes, they will return, the men, each with a damsel or two for their trophy. Ah! Woman, if it be lawful to call you a woman, from whence this sickening poison, that you should desire to see sweet damsels, precious ones of your own sex, meet such horrible fate? She says: Surely they will come, bringing, each, a damsel or two for their trophy. Ah! Cruel woman, you are looking in vain. Those gallant men, whom you saw go marching off on that dastardly mission, will ne'er return. Their swollen bodies are rotting and stinking on yonder battlefield; and that darling son, the joy and pride of your life, you will see him no more, for the vultures have picked his eyeballs from their sockets, and the wolves, and the jackals, are snarling and barking over his decaying body.

Ah! Woman, you are looking in vain. They'll not return bringing, each, a damsel or two for their trophy.

AH! SATAN

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON VI.

We have as a subject for discussion this evening, a very distinguished character, Satan. It is not my purpose to tell you how Satan looks. I do not know. I have seen a great many pictures or paintings of Satan, as drawn by the great artists and painters of the past.

A peculiarity is, that these artists and painters have practically agreed on Satan's appearance. They all paint him black, as black as ink can make him. I suppose because he is called the Prince of darkness, that he loves darkness rather than light. I notice that they paint him with a pitchfork in his hand. I suppose that he may be ready at any and all times to stir up something.

They all paint him smiling. Now why should they paint Satan smiling? Well, you know how it is

with us when everything is going to suit us. The rains are coming and the crops are growing as we would have them, we go about smiling; and so with Satan, as it happens that everything is going about to Satan's notion, all the world gone daffy about him. and gone off to serving him; and even here in our own country, the very best country on earth; we all serve him part of the time, and part of us serve him all the time. So I see no reason why he should not go on his way smiling. There are other peculiarities about Satan, the horns, the hump on his back, and others, but for lack of time we pass them, we do not know.

But there are some things about Satan that we do know. We know that away back, back in ages gone by, that he was an angel, an angel up with God in Heaven, and that his name was Lucifer. Well, you say: He got his name changed. Yes, he is now the old serpent, the dragon, called Satan and the Devil.

We know that from the very start of the business, he was not the kind of angel he ought to have been. He caused discord in Heaven, part of the angels taking side with God, and part with Lucifer. This condition of affairs went on until it caused war in Heaven. Michael and his angels fought, and the dragon and his angels fought.

Now, we do not know how long this war lasted; whether for a few hours or for ages; nor do we know

just how it was fought, or with what weapons, further than it says they overcame him with the blood of the Lamb, and with his testimony.

Now, I can't understand this last statement, as I have heard others explain it, that all that was necessary when that war came up, was for God to take a few drops of the blood of the Lamb, and sprinkle it on Satan and his gang, and they hopped out over the battlements of Heaven and disappeared.

They overcame Satan with the blood of the Lamb, it is true; but much on the order, I believe, as that German mob was overcome by the blood of American boys.

Milton, in his *Paradise Lost*, gives us a description of that frightful war, and I can't help but believe, that man of God, as he sat there blind, dictating those precious lines, had a guiding star, as much so as did John Bunyan, when, from his prison walls, he gave us the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

Furthermore, it says here, that Michael and his angels fought, and they loved not their lives unto the death. That does not sound much like a few drops of the blood battle to me. But it sounds like that if Michael and his angels were to save Heaven for us, they had something to do.

We know that Michael and his angels prevailed, and the dragon and his angels failed, and were cast out, and their place was found no more in Heaven. Cast out.

Jesus, speaking to his disciples, said: I saw Satan fall like lightning from Heaven. Like lightning? Did you ever stop to think how Satan moved away from Heaven? How fast lightning moves? Should a flash of lightning start from this place westward, encircling the earth, while the pendulum of the clock swings over to one side and back, ticking off one second of time, that flash of lightning would pass out over the Rocky Mountains, the Pacific Ocean, the Eastern Hemisphere, the Atlantic Ocean, and over us on its way again over land and sea, and around again, and around again, and around again, and again, and again; until in that second of time, that flash of lightning would pass around this earth seven times. Lightning moves. A cannon ball moving through midair with all the speed that high explosives can give it, can be distinctly seen by a flash of lightning, and it appears to be absolutely still; and to all intents and purposes, it is still, compared to the speed with which lightning moves.

Jesus says: Satan fell like lightning from Heaven. Isaiah says: The mighty Lucifer fell down to the earth.

Now, if it be in the power of our mind to do so, let us follow him out over the course he came, as he came whizzing through all those beautiful constellations, those magnificent orbs, those splendid planets. First, there is Venus, beautiful white planet, forever wrapped in clouds; just now our pretty evening star. He misses it. There is Mars, beautiful red

planet, vegetation red instead of green. A beautiful world. He misses it. There is Jupiter, magnificent planet, eleven hundred times as large as this earth and nine moons to give it light by night. Satan misses it. There is Saturn, the pearl of the heavens, with its several moons, and three rings or moons clear around it. Majestic beauty, beautiful enough, it seems to me, to be the very paradise of God. Satan comes whizzing by, close enough perhaps, to get a better view of it, than we can get with our largest telescopes. He misses it, and comes whizzing on through, and bumps up against this old earth. Well, there must have been some bumping took place just then. I do not know whether it was the earth got bumped, or Satan that got bumped; but judging from the hump on his back, 'twas Satan got bumped.

And there came whizzing in after him his whole gang, I don't know how many, but it says he drew a third part of the stars of heaven with him. A third part of the angels had put their trust in Satan that day, as nine-tenths of humanity are doing this day. They came whizzing in, and such a bumping and splattering as must have taken place. I don't know how many people were on earth just then; there couldn't have been more than two, but I draw an idea that the frogs, and snakes, and alligators, when that bumping took place, thought something was happening, and sure enough it was. For away

off there in Heaven a voice was heard to say in words that mean this: The war is ended, peace in Heaven for ever more. Then looking over the battlements of Heaven, that voice continued: Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea, for Satan has come down unto you having great wrath. My, but he was furious.

Ah! Satan, you didn't have any smile on your face just that minute, that smile grew up and developed since things got going more to suit you than they were just then.

Well, Satan is with us alright. We have the evidence, we've got the proof. There is a statement in that book which says: The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Now, I have tried and tried to think up a statement applicable to Satan, as that is to the Creator. I can't equal it. The best I can do is this: The vice and wickedness of mankind declare the glory of Satan; and wrecks and ruin showeth his handiwork. That does tolerably well.

He is with us alright; and now that he is with us, it is well that we study him, investigate him, this Satan of ours.

First: Let us investigate him as to his judgment. Has he a good sound judgment, so that if we go on serving him, he will not get us into trouble?

We know that he acted so foolishly in the ages gone by, that he got himself and all his friends kicked out of Heaven. This fact alone proves that he has no judgment.

But let us test him out in his dealings with mankind. There are numerous instances, one of which we will notice, his dealings with Job.

Now Job lived over there in the land of Uz, and he was a very, very rich man, the richest man in all the East, yet he was a perfect man. He served the Lord and hated evil.

Now if there is anything on this earth that gives Satan the blues, it is a rich man serving the Lord. He can scarcely stand that. Satan wants the services of all classes as to that, he would much rather Lazarus would have come down to his bosom, than to have gone off to Abraham's bosom. But a poor man like Lazarus and some of us, we can't do much; but a rich man when he turns his forces for God and right, he can do things. He can help build schools, and church houses, hospitals, sanitariums, and sanitoriums, and otherwise help the poor and needy. Satan does not like that kind of business, he didn't like Job a little bit. He had his eye on him. He was watching him.

Now it happened along about this time, that there was a meeting of some kind over there, I don't know, but it sounds more like an old time prayer meeting; and the sons of God came together to present themselves before the Lord, and, lo, Satan comes

among them. Satan go to prayer meeting? Yes, if he thought no one there would pinch him. Satan comes among them. The Lord sees him there, and he says: Well, Satan, where did you come from? From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

Have you considered my servant Job? How that there is none so perfect in all the land? How he serves the Lord and eschews evil?

Ah! Does Job serve you for nothing? You have made a hedge about him, and a hedge about his house, and a hedge about everything he has, on every side. Ah! Satan, you gave yourself away just then, you knew about the hedges. You had tried them from every side and angle.

A hedge on every side, you have blessed the work of his hand; you take away his wealth, and he'll curse you to your face.

Alright Satan, the hedge is down, only you don't touch him.

Satan doesn't stay till prayer meeting is over, he gets out from the presence of the Lord; and by daylight next morning, he is away down there in the land of the Sabeans and Chaldeans, lawless, murderous clans. He stirs up a horde of them, they go up there and make a raid on Job's ranch, carry off every hoof of stock he's got and kill all the servants but three or four. Seeing this well done, he gets him some fire, and sets fire to Job's pasture,

burns it out, and burns up the last sheep he's got. Satisfied with this? No, he wants to be doubly sure.

Now, Job has seven noble, manly sons, and he loves them, and he prays for them the first thing every morning. He has three sweet little daughters, just the joy of his life. Now these sons and daughters love each other, they can scarcely stand to be separated for a day at a time. Now they are all together over there at the home of the eldest brother, having some kind of a re-union, just having the time of their lives. Satan gets him up a great gust of wind over there in the wilderness, and just at the right time, while they are all in there eating their dinner, he brings that gust of wind down on that building, smites it down, and crushes out the life of the last one of Job's sons and daughters. He doesn't leave Job one sweet little daughter to put her arms around his neck and love him. Ah! Satan, you are cruel. And yet I suspect there are little girls here that are serving him.

I've got him now, says Satan. He gets himself over to Job's house, hides out there in the chimney corner, or somewhere around so that when Job hears the news, he will get to hear him curse the Lord.

He watches. Presently, he sees the servants coming, strung out in a row, running as for their lives. Job sees them and stands in amazement. The first one gets there, and he says: Job, the Sabeans have fallen in on the cattle, the oxen, and have

carried them all away, and have killed all the herders but me, and I have come to tell you. Another gets there and he says: Job, the Chaldeans have made out three bands, fallen in on the camels, carried them all away, and killed off all the herders but me, and I have come to tell you. Another gets there and he says: Job, fire has come down from heaven and burned up the last sheep you had. Another gets there and he says: Job, there has come a great wind from the West, smote the four corners of the building where your sons and daughters were feasting, smote it down and crushed out the life of each of your sons and daughters; they are all dead. Satan listening. Job, with heart bursting and tears streaming, points away towards Heaven and he says: The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away. Blessed be the name of the Lord. Ah! Satan, you're beat. Your judgment failed you. You didn't think it could be done. Does he give it up? No sir, not Satan. By and by prayer meeting time comes around again, and the sons of God come together to present themselves before the Lord for repairs, and lo and behold, Satan comes among them. At prayer meeting again. The Lord sees him there, and he says: Well Satan, where did you come from this time?

From going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it.

How about my servant Job? You moved me to take away the last thing on earth he had, and without cause, and he still serves me.

Ah! there be those who care not for wealth, you just touch him, touch his skin, and he'll curse you to your face.

Alright Satan, the hedge is down, only you don't take his life. Satan doesn't stay till prayer meeting is over. He's got business on hand. He gets out from the presence of the Lord, he hits a bee line for the land of Uz, and by midnight he is down there prowling around Job's house. Sure enough the hedge is down. Now we might fancy, Satan got up some virulent poison, and injected it into Job's blood, and smote him with boils that way; but I rather think he got up some very poisonous gas, something like he had the Germans get up for the American boys, and gave Job a few good whiffs of it while he lay there sleeping soundly, and poisoned him up to a finish.

Next morning Job awoke feeling dreadful bad. Presently the pimples began to appear, and the boils began to push out, and they grew, and swelled up during the day, and by night he had boils from crown to foot. Oh! but he was suffering. Satan takes his place out there to listen, so he can hear Job curse the Lord. He sits there all night, doesn't get a wink of sleep, listening. What does he hear? Job praying, as he says: Lord, I am but a dust worm, not worthy of thy loving kindness. And he's talking, con-

soling his heart-broken companion, as he says: I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth, and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh I shall see God. Satan is about to lose. Along about day he thinks of something. Now, Job has three friends over there, dear friends that have stood close by him through all those years of prosperity. Satan gets himself over there, and even before it is good light, he passes as a great spirit before one of the friends, Eliphaz, and in a deep solemn tone, characteristic of the once great angel, he says: Shall mortal man be more just than God? Shall a man be more pure than his maker? Ah! Satan, you're sublime. You make old Eliphaz' hair stand on end, but you take care that he doesn't discern the form of that spirit. He would have known you from report. Then Satan arouses the three friends, and he says: Here, your friend Job is in distress and about to die; you should go and counsel with him and advise him.

The three friends get together by appointment, and go to see about their friend Job, and when they get in sight of him, they can scarcely believe their eyes. He is so changed they can scarcely believe it is he, and they are so dumbfounded, they sit there a whole week, scarcely speaking a word. Then summoning up their courage, one of them, Eliphaz, speaks and says: Job, the reason you are suffering this way is because of your sins; you have been

living in iniquity, and the Lord is punishing you for it. You should get right with God and then he will bless you.

Job answers and tries to reason that it is not that way; that at no time has the hungry gone away from his door unfed; at no time has the wayfaring man slept in the street in the cold; at no time has he laid in wait at his neighbor's door.

Another one, Bildad, speaks and he says: Job, the reason your sons and daughters were destroyed over there was because of their sins. They were living in iniquity and the Lord has destroyed them for it. Wasn't that comforting to poor old Job in his time of trouble? I want to diverge from the subject just here, long enough to say that this condition of affairs goes on before us every day. There is a beautiful little city over there, the inhabitants going on in the walks of life as usual. There are the business men hustling around, there are the old and the feeble, the middle-aged, the young and the gay, and the infant at its mother's bosom, all going on as customary. Suddenly and without warning, a tornado sweeps down on the little city, wipes it off the map, leaving death and destruction in its path; or a flood rolls its giant waves up over the city, sweeps it out, leaving death and desolation on its way, or an earthquake shakes the foundation of the buildings, they tumble down, catch fire, and the flames sweep over the city, leaving death and devastation in their wake. The cry goes out, Help! Help! for

this stricken city. Help! for this suffering people. You've got your hand down in your pocket to get out the donation to help those stricken people, and you hear a voice, and you hear that voice as plainly as ever you heard a rooster crow for day, and it says: Here, that may be a judgment sent on that people for their sins. They may not deserve your help, just put that money back in your pocket, your family needs it anyway. Ah! Satan, you're slimy.

Yes, they tell Job it is because of his iniquity.

Job answers and tries to reason, but a third one, Zophar, speaks, and he says: Job, they're right. God blesses those who serve him, and punishes those who sin against him, and you should cease your lying words and get right with God, and then he will bless you.

Job gets so worried with his friends. He asks them some questions, some thirty questions, and they can't answer a single one of them, and they get so offended at Job that they leave off speaking to him.

Just at this juncture Elihu, the Buzite begins to buzz. It has always been a mystery to me, where Satan picked up that young theologian anyway. All we know about him, it says he was of the kindred of Ram, and for that reason I suppose, he thought he had a right to butt in; and he seems to be a youngster of importance, at least in his own eyes, for he proceeds to blister out the whole business. The three friends because they can't answer Job's

foolish questions, and Job for asking such foolish questions; and he tells Job that age counts for nothing any more. My, but they had it around and around.

But the time comes when these must go away to look after their interests, and they leave Job alone with his poor broken-hearted companion, poor disconsolate mother. Now we often hear Job's misfortunes spoken of, but never the misfortunes of this sainted mother.

Has she not lost her manly sons? No more will she hear their merry voices. They are gone from her. Her three sweet little daughters are dead. Not one sweet little daughter left to put her arms around her neck, and kiss her lips and call her mother. They are gone from her. Distracted with grief, almost dethroned of reason, she gives it up, and she says: Job, curse God and die. Satan listening. Why don't he? Why don't he? But Job says: Wife, that would be foolishness. Shall we expect all good things from the Lord and nothing evil? I'll do nothing of the kind.

But the time comes when the business must be settled. It must terminate. The question comes to him: Job, what are you going to do about it? In the face of all this will you continue to serve the Lord? He lifts his old rotten arm and points away toward heaven, and he says: Let come to me what will; though he slay me, yet will I trust in him.

Ah! Satan, you're beat. Your judgment failed you. You didn't believe it could be done.

He gets up and skulks away from that place.

By and by, prayer meeting time comes around again, and the sons of God come together as usual to present themselves before the Lord; and lo and behold, Satan is not there. Not at prayer meeting that night, and in my judgment, I doubt if he has ever been to prayer meeting since. He got so pinched the two times he perched himself up there with the real sons of God, that he stays away, and he keeps everybody else away that he can.

O yes, he'll send along a representative, but the sorriest hunch-back imp of his whole realm can take care of all his business at prayer meeting, and sleep half the time.

Well, Satan, you've got no judgment. That is settled. But after all it makes little difference whether he has any judgment or not; we'll go on and serve him just the same, for we've got no judgment either.

Let us test him out as to his veracity. Will he tell us the truth? Will he keep his promises with us?

We know that away back in the ages gone by, he was a liar, and that he is the father of liars; but we are not discussing them, we're sticking to our subject.

Now Adam and Eve are placed over there in that beautiful garden. Oh, so happy! Eve is out there enjoying herself among the beautiful trees. Satan

comes along and he speaks very politely. Yes, hasn't God told you that there is some of the fruit of this garden that you can not partake of? That you can not eat?

In her simplicity, she says: Yes, he has told us that we can eat of the fruit of the tree of life here, and of all the other trees in the garden, except the one tree, the tree of knowledge in the midst of the garden; we are not to eat of the fruit of it, or touch it, lest we die.

Ah! says Satan, God knows at the very time you eat of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, your eyes will be opened, and you will become wise as the gods, knowing good and evil. He glides away and hides, peeps his head out of the grass as any other serpent, to see what is going to happen.

Eve considers and reconsiders, meditates and premeditates, eats some of the fruit, gives to Adam and he eats of it. Did they die? No, not from Satan's standpoint. They got everything that Satan promised them, and more too. But from God's standpoint the very moment they took that peculiar fruit into their system, the death germ set up, just as surely as typhoid germs taken into the system, will set up typhoid fever. The death germ was there; and it is there to stay, regardless of the Elixir hunters.

As that seems to be a kind of stand off, we will test him out in his dealings with our own selves. He

comes to us in many ways. He comes to the merchant, and he says: Here, they're most all doing this; why not you? You can manipulate your balances so that when you weigh out a pound of anything, instead of its being sixteen ounces, it will be fourteen ounces, and by so doing, you can add fourteen per cent more profit to your sales. Is the statement true? It is absolutely true. The merchant can do that, but suppose that merchant turns upon him and says. Here Satan, if I act thus dishonestly with my customers, will you promise me that I can hold my customers, maintain my trade, or that it will be better for me in the long run? Or that when I come to press a dying pillow, that my conscience will not burn within me for having acted dishonestly with my customers? What will you promise me, Satan? Nothing.

He comes to the clerk in the store and he says: Here, you are doing some hard work for this firm, and your salary appears to be meager; but you can do this. In all that big bill of goods, you can leave something off the bill, collect for it, slip that into your pocket and increase your salary. Is the statement true? It is absolutely true. The clerk can do that, but suppose the clerk turns upon him and says: Now Satan, if I act thus dishonestly with my employers, will you promise me that I will not be suspected, detected, lose my position, and go out of here in disgrace? What will you promise me, Satan? Nothing.

He comes to the cashier in the Bank, or the accountant of money, and he says: Here is some fine oil stock, just almost bound to be a winner; you ought to buy some of it. But you haven't got the money, your salary is so meager that you can scarcely keep your family respectable; but you can do this: you can manipulate that figure one that counts it one thousand dollars, one place to the right, so that it will count a hundred dollars, and you can invest the nine hundred dollars difference in this stock, and you will be almost bound to win out, and then you can treat your family better. Well, suppose he manipulates it, and buys the stock, possibly he comes out pretty well with it; possibly he doesn't. By and by the examiner of the books comes around, and looks over the figures; in all that multitude of figures he doesn't detect the error, and he gets by with it, nine hundred dollars to the good. Presently there is a lot of stock on the market, just the very best buy, just bound to win out; but it takes a lot of money. That voice whispers. Now you can manipulate that figure one, that counts it ten thousand dollars, one place to the right, and you can invest the nine thousand dollars difference into this stock, and you are almost bound to win out, and then you can treat your wife and children as they ought to be treated. He manipulates and buys the stock. By and by the examiner comes around again; some one has dropped him a hint. He looks more closely.

The embezzlement is detected. The poor fellow is arrested. Stands trial. He hears the clerk of the court read: Guilty. He takes those precious children in his arms, and with heart bleeding, he kisses them good bye. He turns to that loving companion, that one who would willingly have laid down her life for him, standing there with trembling, quivering lips. He kisses her good bye; and hikes it to the land of striped clothes. Whose fault is it? Satan's? No sir, there are a lot of people in this world who have Satan down wrong. Satan is simply going about tending strictly, and diligently, to his own business; and we all know what that business is. The fault is with that man, that individual, who had the power, and the only one on earth, or in Heaven, that did have the power, to say yes or no to that transaction.

He comes to us in thousands of ways. He comes talking worldly pleasure, worldly enjoyments. Oh, so many, many good things to have to give them all up. But turn upon him and talk to him, and say: Here, Satan, if I go on accepting these worldly pleasures and enjoyments, will you promise me that I will keep my health? That I will stay well and able to enjoy them? Or will I go down in sickness, disease and suffering? What will you promise me, Satan? Nothing.

He comes talking time enough yet. Oh, so many, many happy years ahead, time enough yet. But

turn upon him and talk to him. Talk to him, not like he was some kind of mysterious evil influence permeating space; but talk to him like Jesus talked to him there on the temple and in the mountain; and say: Here, Satan, let us know positively about this time-enough-yet proposition. If I go on serving you and doing your bidding, will you promise me and assure me, that I have ten years yet? Twenty years, forty years? Satan, will you promise me, or assure me that I have five years yet? Satan, will you, or can you, promise me or assure me, that I have one year yet? Satan, will you promise and guarantee unto me, that in the morning when the sun rises up over those hills, and begins spreading its golden beams out over this country, that my heart will still be beating, and spreading the red blood out over my body? Or will it be cold and clammy, and silent in death? What will you promise me, Satan? Nothing. Satan promises us nothing.

But says one: That won't do; for it says: He is the deceiver of the nations.

Yes, he is the deceiver of the nations, alright. But the reason he is the deceiver of the nations, is because they think he has promised them something when he hasn't.

This talk would not be complete if I did not call your attention to one who will promise you something. That one who says: Come unto me all ye that labor, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. There is a promise, and made by one that has

the power to back it. That one who says : Put not too much stress on worldly treasures, where moth and rust corrupt, and thieves break through and steal; but rather lay them up here with me in Heaven; and I will keep them for you forevermore. As a proof to you that I have the power, I point you away to those glittering stars, those splendid planets, those magnificent orbs, those beautiful constellations. By my power I placed them there and by my power I keep them there; and by my power I can keep you, and your treasures too, forever and forever. Here are some promises. Will you lay hold on them? Will you accept them? What are you going to do about it, friend? What are you going to do about it?

Now I thank you and may God bless you.

THE FUNNIEST LAW

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the author.*

LESSON VII.

Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling. This is a divine injunction, given us by one in authority. Were we to undertake to explain the exact purport of this sentence, we might get ourselves and all our friends into trouble. We merely quote it, as it shows, though we have had no voice in the matter of coming into existence in this life, that how and where we are to spend eternity, rests absolutely upon our own shoulders.

Again, when man was made a living creature, and placed here in the likeness and image of his Creator, he was given the divine injunction: Subdue the earth. Just how far man has gone in carrying out this injunction remains to be seen. We know that during the intervals, when men have not been engaged in subduing each other, they have made at least some progress. Man has gone out over

the breadth of the earth, and caused the virgin soil to yield up the bountiful harvests. By drainage, he has changed the dismal swamps into fertile farms; even large portions of the sea have been subjugated and are now dotted with beautiful homes. He has gone down into the depths of the earth and brought forth the hidden treasures. He has gone forth on the breadth of the ocean, carrying with him the world's commodities. He has gone down deep into the sea, and brought forth priceless pearls. He has reached up into the sky, and harnessed the lightning. He has taken leave of the earth, and sailed out into the clouds with the audacity and safety of an eagle. Yea, the achievements of man would fill a volume much larger than this. Has he finished? Will he yet open up the doors of unknown realms? Will he check the floods, the tornadoes, the typhoons? Will he put an end to drouth and famine at his pleasure? Time only can tell.

But the purpose of this lecture, is to take a glimpse into another phase of man's obligations to his Creator, that of making laws by which he is to be governed, while doing these other things.

But says one: Did not God make the law by which mankind was to be governed? Yes, God gave the law. The ten commandments contain all the law needed by mankind. No further law book but these ten commandments would be needed, if, yes, if, the laws embraced in these ten commandments were

never broken. But there lies our trouble. Someone is going to break those laws. Someone is going to kill his fellow man; then it falls to man's lot to write page after page of law on murder, as to the different degrees, penalties, etc.

Someone is going to steal; likewise pages, even volumes, must be written on theft. Someone is going to covet his neighbor's property, or his neighbor's wife. Volumes must be written to simplify this, and so on.

Now, man has gone about the business of making or enacting these laws. Some to stay on the statute books, some to be amended, some to be repealed, and all, more or less, to be disobeyed or broken. It is needless to say that an investigation of these man-made laws, of different ages and different people, would bring to light many quaint, queer and curious laws.

In casting about for the quaintest, or the funniest of all these laws, our mind goes back to one enacted by the children of Israel, many hundreds of years ago, a law enacted in behalf of the dead.

This law provided, that should a man marry a woman, and die without children, that his next oldest brother should take her to be his wife, and raise up children for his dead brother. A very short law indeed, but like all other laws, made to be broken; for it would sometimes happen, that the next brother, already wondering how his older brother could have become infatuated with that

ugly thing, rebels at the thought of taking his ugly old sister-in-law into his bosom, and refuses to obey the law. Like all other laws, of course, a penalty was provided for those to pay, who refused to obey the law.

This was the penalty. That should a man, whose elder brother had passed away, leaving no children, refuse to take his brother's wife, to be his wife, then he should be haled into court, and there be admonished and pleaded with, and duly remonstrated with; then if he still refuses to obey the law, and still refuses to take her to be his wife, then the rejected woman should spit in his face; then they would take off his shoe and give it to her, and he would go barefoot the rest of his life.

Well, doubtless we have all seen some funny trials in the courts, but suppose we were to witness a trial of this kind, there would be the officers of the court, begging and pleading with the offender to stand by, and obey the law. There would be the down-cast offender who after all the evidence was in, would say: No, I'll die first. Then we would see the rejected one; as a last effort, she advances, she puts on her best looks, her sweetest smile, she comes near him, and in pleading tones she says: Won't you please marry me? He answers: I'll die first.

You know what Shakespeare says of a woman scorned. Then she gets the lotion ready, with lips drawn tight and tongue in position, a step forward,

and she turns loose the whole lotion into his face. It hits him about the upper end of his nose, spreads out over his eyes; it runs down over his lips, drips off his chin onto his plaited-bosom shirt. How the audience roars in laughter. They take off his shoe, and give it to her, and he is known thenceforth as the shoeless man.

My! what a funny law, and what a blessing to man, that it was repealed before snuff came into fashion.

I thank you.

THE LORD GOES A TRAPPING

By A. J. Edwards.

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LESSON VIII.

One of the pleasant experiences of my boyhood days was to go a trapping. To get together the material to make the trap, to adjust the triggers, so as to outwit Mr. Bobwhite, and to do him up in bird pie fashion; or to outwit Mr. Skunk and end his barnyard prowling; or to outwit Mr. Coon and put a stop to his roasting ear foraging. Then later on to be able to fix the trap for Mr. Wolf, and the next morning to slip down through the bushes to see him lying complacently beside the trap. To look into his hazel eyes, as he crouches there meekly, as if he would say: You've got me. These were pleasant experiences, such as I suppose all trappers enjoy; even the natives in the African jungle, though ignorant in all other things, are able to construct such devices as to outwit Mr. Tiger, Mr. Lion, or even Mr. Elephant himself, and bring them into subjection.

But the purpose of this lecture is to make mention of what we consider the world's greatest feat in trapping. It having been the most effective and far-reaching in its plans and results. This is when the Lord went a trapping. Now, it came about this way: Far back in the ages gone by, we do not know how long ago, there came up a discord in heaven which continued until war resulted, and Satan, the instigator of the trouble, was cast down to the earth. Just why the God of heaven did not lay hold on the old dragon then, and bind him with chains and cast him into the bottomless pit for eternity, remains to be seen. It appears that the God of heaven, who is the owner and the possessor of all those beautiful constellations, those magnificent orbs, those splendid planets, and the wealth of this world, desires to raise up for himself a peculiar people, a people he can trust to be priests and kings with him throughout the coming ages.

Not for just a few years, as man would count time, but for ages, the duration of which should we endeavor to have you comprehend the time, we would ask you to take a look at the sands of the seashore, and of all the particles of sand composing the mountains and valleys of the earth, from pole to pole, and from center to circumference; and now if your mind can conceive of the number of these particles of sand, we would say of the length of these ages, not that many years, but that many

billions of years, and then at the end of that time we have scarcely made a beginning. Such is the duration of the coming ages.

Now in order to have priests and kings with him through all these ages, who are to enjoy his riches untold, it is but fair and right that these should be given an advance trial, a test of purity, a test of loyalty, before placing them in the eternal inheritance.

Now it is to bring about this desired end, that the Lord goes a trapping, and strange to say, the bait he uses is a beautiful woman, to our mind, by far the most beautiful woman that has ever walked this earth. For she is fresh from the hands of her Creator, pure and spotless, and fair as the driven snow.

God has already planted a beautiful garden, and created man, and placed him therein to till the soil. God then brings this beautiful woman to the man, presents her to him, saying to them: Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth and subdue it. But he further says: You may eat of the fruit of all the trees in the garden, except the tree of knowledge in the midst of the garden, ye are not to eat of the fruit of it; for in the day thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die. The trap is set, and like we did when we were boys, God goes away from the trap.

Now, there is skulking near that scene, unquestionably eaves-dropping, a slimy being, already furi-

ous because of his loss of Heaven and possibly wondering why God would trespass on the only inheritance left him by giving it over to man. He resolves to thwart God's whole purpose. The story of how he went about doing this is familiar to all.

But he finds that he has made the blunder, that he is trapped, for though he has the privilege of bruising their heel, the seed of woman will bruise his head, and he finds that God now has all preparations necessary to bring up priests and kings to be his heirs in eternity.

A people who will serve God, whom having not seen, they love. By faith they believe on him, will trust him and obey him and serve him in trials, in temptations, in woe, in tribulation, in the dungeon, in the fiery furnace, and for his cause will die any kind of death. This is the kind of people God purposed from the beginning should reign with him in eternity; and he went a trapping to carry out his purpose.

We believe there is another instance in which the Lord went a trapping. This time he uses for a bait a great and sturdy ranchman. Job, the faithful servant, is the bait. In answer to Satan's challenge, the Lord turns Job with all his wealth over to Satan, who tries to escape with the bait, only to find himself trapped. Had Satan known how that business was going to terminate, he would not have done that for a thousand souls, no, not for ten thousand souls or more. For Job, just as God

planned he should do, when he set his trap, gave to fallen humanity one of the greatest lessons in patience the world has ever known.

I thank you.

PREFACE TO THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISSIONARY LESSON

Some years ago, sketching over a piece of Sunday school literature, I read an article commending Ruth for going on with Naomi to Judea, and casting her lot with a better people, and condemning Orpah for returning to her gods and her people; and having studied the infidel version of this affair, in which they state that Ruth got up and deserted her people, and forsook her mother, and went off with that foreign woman to a land of plenty, and gay society; and their further claim, that Ruth's statement that Naomi's God was to be her god indicated that Naomi's God was not a god of Moab after Naomi left that country; and that Ruth could not have had Naomi's God, had she remained with her people, and where she could have given them the light she had, and where she could have taken care of her father and her mother in their waning years. A careful study of these statements brought about the following lecture:

THE WORLD'S GREATEST MISSIONARY
LESSON

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the author.*

LESSON IX.

Writers of present day stories are very careful to get what they are pleased to call a good setting, or background for their stories; that is they will enter into a minute description of the surroundings. The rugged mountains, the vine-clad hills, the silver lake, the placid river, come in for an accurate description, as do their characters, the hero, the heroine, even as to the color of their hair, their eyes, and all. Not so with ancient writers of Bible stories. They enter at once into the facts, in plain words that a child can understand. This is evidenced by the portion of a story I shall read to you, the first chapter of the book of Ruth, which reads as follows:

1. Now it came to pass, in the days when the judges ruled, that there was a famine in the land.

And a certain man of Beth-le-hem-Judah went to sojourn in the country of Moab, he, and his wife, and his two sons.

2. And the name of the man was E-lime-lech, and the name of his wife Na-omi, and the name of his two sons Mahlon and Chili-on, Eph-rath-ites of Beth-le-hem-Judah. And they came into the country of Moab, and continued there.

3. And E-lime-lech, Na-omi's husband, died; and she was left, and her two sons.

4. And they took them wives of the women of Moab; the name of the one was Orpah, and the name of the other, Ruth; and they dwelled there about ten years.

5. And Mahlon and Chilion died also, both of them; and the woman was left of her two sons and her husband.

6. Then she arose, with her daughters-in-law, that she might return from the country of Moab; for she had heard in the country of Moab, how that the Lord had visited his people in giving them bread.

7. Wherefore she went forth out of the place where she was, and her two daughters-in-law with her; and they went on the way to return unto the land of Judah.

8. And Naomi said unto her two daughters-in-law, Go, return each to her mother's house; the Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead, and with me.

9. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you, in the house of her husband. Then she kissed them; and they lifted up their voice, and wept.

10. And they said unto her, Surely we will return with thee unto thy people.

11. And Naomi said, Turn again, my daughters, why will ye go with me? Are there yet any more sons in my womb that they may be your husbands?

12. Turn again, my daughters, go your way; for I am too old to have an husband. If I should say, I have hope, if I should have an husband also tonight, and should also bear sons;

13. Would ye tarry for them till they were grown? Would ye stay for them from having husbands? Nay, my daughters; for it grieveth me much, for your sakes, that the hand of the Lord is gone out against me.

14. And they lifted up their voice, and wept again; and Orpah kissed her mother-in-law, but Ruth clave unto her.

15. And she said, Behold, thy sister-in-law is gone back unto her people, and unto her gods; return thou after thy sister-in-law.

16. And Ruth said, Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge: thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God:

17. Where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried: the Lord do so to me, and more also, if ought but death part thee and me.

18. When she saw that she was steadfastly minded to go with her, then she left speaking unto her.

19. So they two went until they came to Bethlehem. And it came to pass, when they were come to Bethlehem, that all the city was moved about them, and they said, Is this Naomi?

20. And she said unto them, Call me not Naomi, call me Mara: for the Almighty hath dealt very bitterly with me.

21. I went out full, and the Lord hath brought me home again empty: why then call ye me Naomi, seeing the Lord hath testified against me, and the Almighty hath afflicted me?

22. So Naomi returned, and Ruth the Moabitess, her daughter-in-law, with her, which returned out of the country of Moab: and they came to Bethlehem in the beginning of barley harvest.

Here we have mentioned two countries: Judea, inhabited by the Israelites, clinging on as best they could to the true and living God; Moab, inhabited by the descendents of Moab, a son of Lot, a heathen people, worshipers of idols. We have here a family, Elimelech, with his wife, Naomi, and their two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, because of drouthy conditions in Judea, emigrating to Moab. That soon after reaching Moab, the father, Elimelech, dies, and Naomi is bereft of her husband. That the two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, take wives of the Moabite families. The name of the one was Ruth, the name of the other was Orpah. That they abode in that country a space of ten years, during which time the two sons, Mahlon and Chilion, both died. We

are not told of what disease these three husbands died, but from the names they bore, and other circumstances, it is evident that they died of what we know today, as the Great White plague, Tuberculosis. But we do know, that whatever the disease, or the length of suffering, these two young wives, though from heathen families, remained true and faithful to their dying loved ones, and to their mother-in-law; that through all those bitter years, uncomplainingly, they did their duty, without a falter.

Naomi, now being bereft of her husband and of both of her sons, and having heard that the Lord had blessed her people in Judea with bountiful harvests, decides to return to her native land.

While it is clearly evident that Naomi loved her daughters-in-law, and craved their company, there is no evidence that she, in any way, insisted on their going to Judea with her, but from some cause, possibly the bountiful harvests, or the prospects of living with a better people, they both decide to make the change; to leave their native country.

Preparations are made for the journey. We see them as they come together for the last night they are to spend together on this earth, in the little hut that has been their home. They join their voices together in song, and in praise to God, that though the years have been bitter indeed, they have the sweet assurance that time and eternity will make all things right. They spend the night.

Morning dawns, they are ready for the journey. With their little bundles of bedding of sheepskins, goat hides or whatever it might be, they walk out the dooor, turn and take a last look at the little shack, that has sheltered them from the heat and the cold through all those bitter years. They turn their faces towards Judea, and hit the trail.

Now in this little company of women, just three, there exists two different conditions of mind. Naomi, possibly taking the lead, has an aching heart; she loves her daughters-in-law and hates to leave them, but in her mind she believes they are making a mistake. She believes that it is their duty to remain there with their people, and take care of their mother. She believes it is her duty to turn them back. Her heart is aching.

How different with the two precious ones trudging along behind her. Their hearts are just bubbling over with joy. They have their backs turned upon those idols, and that heathen people. Their faces turned towards waving harvest fields, and a better country.

Naomi's heart is bleeding, but the duty must be performed. She turns upon them, and it comes like lightning from a clear sky, as she says: Go, turn ye, each of you to your mother's house; and she prays that sweetest of prayers: The Lord deal kindly with you, as you have dealt kindly with the dead, and with me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest, each of you, in the house of her husband.

She kisses them. They lift up their voice and weep.

They say: No, surely, we will go with you to your people. They trudge along, possibly till the noon hour. No more laughter. Three hearts are aching now.

Naomi, believing it is the duty of her daughters-in-law to remain in Moab, and knowing the disposition of women of that day and time, that their hearts' desire is to be a mother; a little son or daughter, to kiss their lips and call them mother is their highest ambition. She explains the laws of Judea, that the law in that country forbids the marrying or inter-marrying with heathen people, and she explains to them that if they go on to Judea, they can never hope to be a mother, unless as a concubine or slave wife. Then she says: Turn ye, go back. They lift up their voice and weep again. Ah, hallowed ground. There are places on this earth made hallowed by the blood of men. But here in Moab land is a hallowed spot made sacred by the bitter tears of women.

In our mind we see them. One of them, Orpah, stands up. She takes a long look up that trail towards Judea, at the end of the trail she sees the waving wheat fields, and the barley fields, and that splendid people, serving the true and the living God. How can she give it up? How can she turn? Behind her she sees that heathen people, those false gods. How can she face that land of destitution?

Destitute of everything high and ennobling. She reasons this way. Now I can return to my people, I can tell them to forsake those false idols, and serve the true and living God, Naomi's God, and then we will have plenty, and mother's there, she needs my care, I'm going back. She steps over to her mother-in-law. That precious one that has been her guiding star through all those bitter years. She kisses her. Good bye, precious mother, good bye, I'm going back. She steps over to her sister-in-law. That one who has been her playmate from her childhood days. That has toiled beside her in the little barley patch. That has helped her search for the wild berries, and dig the wild roots to sustain the lives of those dying loved ones; that one that has stood beside her, when the death angel hovered over them, she kisses her, good bye, sweet sister, good bye, I'm going back.

We see her as she places her little bundle of bedding on her shoulder. She turns her back on a land of plenty, and a better people; her face toward a land of heathens and false gods. She hits the trail alone, and the book is closed.

Ruth cleaves to her mother-in-law. How can she give it up? How can she turn? Naomi regains her composure, possibly again reminds Ruth of her mother, that she may get down sick in her old hut, and lie there pleading for a drop of water, with none to hear her. Or that she may be out there

half blind, picking up sticks with which to cook a morsel of food, and some wild beast pounce upon her and destroy her. Then as a last resort she shakes her, saying: Look Ruth, behold thy sister-in-law has gone back to her people and to her gods, return thou after thy sister-in-law. Were ever hearts tried in a fiery furnace like these?

We see that precious woman; she stands up. She turns her back towards Moab land, and with heart bleeding and tears streaming, with clinched fist, she points back that way; and in words that mean exactly this, she says: That god is nothing to me; that people is nothing to me; that mother is nothing to me; I'm going on.

Naomi leaves off entreating her. Now right here the infidel takes a tumble. The infidel will tell you that Ruth got up and deserted her people, and forsook her mother, and went off with that foreign woman to a land where there was plenty to eat, and gayer society. They will tell you that if there was anything to the religion of your Lord and your Jesus, and Ruth had any of that religion, it was her duty to stay there in Moab, and teach that religion to her people, and take care of her mother. But the infidel doesn't understand. There was a call there, and I will press this further and say, that had Ruth known that her mother would get down sick in that old hut of hers, and lie there begging and pleading for a drop of water with none to hear; and lie there until she got so weak she could not

defend herself, and that the rats would play over her mother's face, eat off her nose, gouge out and gulp down her eyeballs, while her mother lay there conscious of what was going on; or had Ruth known that her precious mother, who went down in suffering, and fought the death angel that she might live, would be out there half blind, picking up sticks with which to cook a morsel of food, and that some wild beast would pounce upon her, drag her down and eat the skin and gristles from her bones, and that the wolves, and jackals, and the hyenas, would howl, and yelp, and snarl, over her mother's carcass, she would have gone on and on, on and on. You say: What on earth do I mean? I will ask you a question. What did Jesus mean when he said: He that will not forsake his father and his mother, his wife, his children, his houses and lands, for my sake, is not worthy of me? What did Jesus mean? Were there any provisos, that there was no sickness or death, jackals or hyenas? None whatever, God was first, and he demands that he remain first. Ruth heard that call and she was going on. Not so with the other precious woman. God did not need but one woman to be the mother of his Son, and he called but one, and had Orpah left her people and her mother in that destitute condition, to cast her lot with a better people, and to have better society, she would not be fit to be the mother of a roving band of thieving gypsies.

Go with me, please, back to this precious woman. The book is closed 'tis true, but in our mind we see her, as with her little bundle of bedding on her shoulder, hitting the trail alone, as step by step she clips off the distance, until at last, perhaps at nightfall, she reaches the little hut, where the night before there were three to join their voices together in song and in prayer; now one lone woman. She enters the hut, spreads out her little roll of bedding; she eats her little morsel of food, barley cakes, perhaps wild berries she has picked along the way. She then gets down on her knees, lifts her face toward Heaven, and goes in search of her God. You tell me she had any trouble in finding her God, there alone in her little hut that night? My friends if you and I could always find our God as easily as that sweet woman found her God that night in Moab land, we would be happy indeed. She found him alright.

But go again with me to the other precious woman. The book is open. The story tells us how she went on and on with her mother-in-law, around the salt sands of that old Dead Sea, until at last, worn and weary, they come to Bethlehem Judea. Of how the whole city was moved to tears about them. Of how she got permission from her mother-in-law to work in the barley harvest. Of how she toiled all day long, with just a little time off in the house, gathering up the scattering heads of barley left by the reapers. Of how at evening time she beat out

what she had gathered, and had almost a bushel of barley. Of how she laid it upon her shoulder, carried it into the city and divided it with her mother-in-law. Of how she toiled on day after day till the barley harvest was over. Of how she hit the wheat harvest, and toiled on in the blistering sun, browned and tanned, until the wheat harvest is ended, and of how the most unexpected happened. Instead of its being a violation of the law of the land, in this particular case, the law sanctioned it, really demanded it; and she became the wife of Boaz, a mighty man of wealth.

Now, has not God rewarded her in full for all those bitter years? A man of health, a man of wealth, and as is clearly proven by the remaining chapters of this beautiful and romantic story, a man of the very highest type of character. Has not God done all on earth for her that could be done? Wait a minute before you say, yes.

We see her some clear Sabbath morning; she takes that gallant husband by the arm, they walk off up towards the place of worship; she looks out over the surrounding country; she sees them coming from every direction to the place of worship. Oh, what a gladsome sight, to see people coming from every direction to the house of the Lord. What a gladness, then a sadness; her heart sinks within her. She thinks of her people in Moab land. How can she remain there in all that splendor, and her people in Moab, in darkness dying? What a sad-

ness, then a gladness; a thrill of joy goes through her heart. Sister-in-law is there. Yes, sweet woman, go on your way, sing and pray and be happy; Orpah will start the home fires burning. Again we see her. It is meal time, the table is spread: and, oh, what a magnificent menu; there are the wheat muffins, the barley cakes; the milk and the butter and the honey, and the vegetables. What a bountiful spread. She looks over the menu; her mind goes back to the ten weary years in Moab, when they toiled in the barley patch, searched for the wild roots, and the berries, to sustain the life of those dying loved ones. What a joyful contrast. What a gladness, then a sadness; she thinks of her mother. How can she eat, how can she drink, and her mother in Moab starving? What a sadness, then a gladness. Sister-in-law is there. Yes, sweet woman, eat your dinner and be happy; Orpah will keep the home fires burning. Tell me that God in his infinite wisdom, did not know what he was doing, when he called these two sweet heathen maidens to their respective places of duty. And just as surely as Ruth was called to turn her back upon her father and her mother, and go to a people she knew not of before, to ultimately become the mother of the Lord; just that sure Orpah was called to turn her back upon a land of plenty and better society to become the mother of men, and in my heart I believe that could many of the great and illustrious Gentiles

of the world, trace their lineage back, they could trace it to this precious woman who stood the test in Moab land.

But, says one: Isn't it a fact that the people of Moab, and the children of Israel, long after this, were engaged in a bloody conflict with each other? Yes, and isn't it a fact that the sons of the Northland and the sons of the Southland, of our own beloved country, were engaged in four long years of bloody conflict with each other? And now either the sons of the Northland or the sons of the Southland would shed every drop of blood in their body before they would see the other crushed by an invading foe.

And isn't it a fact that the Gentiles, the descendants of these Moab people, would give every drop of their blood in defense of liberty, and world freedom? And isn't it a fact that the Jew, the descendants of these same Israelites, would stand beside their Gentile brothers, in defense of this same blessed cause, and fight to the death, fight to the finish? Let the shell-torn trees of the Argonne Forest, and the blood-stained sands of the battlefield of Chateau Thiery, speak forth the answer.

Once asked the question: On what grounds do you base your opinion that Orpah ever amounted to anything after she went back to her gods? My answer: I base it on three scripture statements, and one supposition. First, that Naomi prayed for Orpah, that she might find rest in the house of

a husband. Second, that Naomi was a righteous person. Third, that God has promised to hear and answer the prayers of the righteous, and the supposition is, that God will do what he has promised to do.

And now I will ask you a few questions. Why did David, when being persecuted by Saul, take his family to Moab for safety, while he fled away to the mountains and caves from Saul? He carried them over the identical trail where his grand-mother Ruth and his aunt Orpah, shed those bitter tears that day. Why did Isaiah in later years, in prophesying of the destruction of all those wicked nations, say that the cry of the children of Moab would be heard, and that a remnant of them would be spared? Why did Isaiah say that Zoar of Moab should be a city of refuge for the oppressed? Why did Zechariah, when crying out for the Lord, say: Save my little ones, Moab; save my little ones? Please answer this one. Why is it that of all those wicked nations that walked the earth that day, that the children of Israel and the people of Moab are the only two nations that have a promise for the latter day? These are the only two nations that were living that day, that we know positively, that their descendants are on earth this day, and will be till Jesus comes again. Can there be a reason? Yes, it is this: The bitter tears, the precious prayers, the firm decisions of those sweet precious women in

Moab land that day shaped the destiny of this old world for time and eternity. It is too plain, it is too plain to be misunderstood.

Ruth is not the only precious woman who has turned her back upon her father and her mother, and gone to a land she knew not of before. And Orpah is not the only precious woman who has turned her back upon a land of plenty, a better people, and a better society, and faced a land of heathens and idols, and a land of destitution. But considering the surroundings and the conditions under which these two precious women answered and obeyed the call to the service of their Lord, we do not hesitate to pronounce this the World's Greatest Missionary Lesson.

The children of Ammon, the younger son of Lot, a brother to Moab have the promise; also, the descendants of Elam the eldest son of Shem, also, Adam, and Job, and perhaps other individuals, have the promise of the latter day. But these were not nations, as were the Moabites, and the Israelites.

WOMAN'S WORLD-WIDE WORK

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the author.*

LESSON X.

There have been some scenes or occurrences in the past, with which woman has been connected, that I would like to have seen.

I would like to have seen Eve, as she took that gallant husband by the arm, as she walked out of the gate and turned to take a last longing look at that beautiful garden of Eden.

I would like to have seen Eve, as she stood over that grave, the first grave dug on this earth, following the first murder ever committed, as she took her last look on the face of her darling son.

I would like to take a glimpse through that one hundred and twenty years that Noah was hammering away, building the ark, just to see what part woman was taking in the affairs of the world at that time.

I would like to have seen Hannah, when she brought her darling child, Samuel, at one year of

age, down to Shiloh, and placed him in the sanctuary, and gave him to the Lord, as she kissed him good bye, to return to her home.

I would like to have seen Deborah as she said: Up, Barak, up.

I would like to have seen Ruth and Naomi, as they wended their way around the salt sands of the old Dead Sea, on their way to Bethlehem Judea.

I would like to have seen those two women, when Solomon said: Give the live baby to this woman, she is its mother.

I would like to have seen that little group of women, as they counted out the change to pay for the precious ointment, and spices, to anoint the body of their crucified Lord.

I would like to have seen Mary Magdalene, the next moment after Jesus spoke her name, Mary.

These are thoughts of the past. They cannot be realized. Today, I would like to take a glimpse through all heathen countries, from Greenland's icy mountains to Africa's sunny fountains; from Siberia's frozen lands to India's coral strands; just to see what part woman is taking in the affairs of those deluded people.

This cannot be. We must be content with drawing on our imagination as to the conditions prevailing in those heathen lands.

As to the number of those people in darkness dying; we know that there are millions, millions, millions of them, and it is with a shudder that we

think of the enormous task of the Christian people to bring them into the kingdom of the Master, our task before us. But, says one: We are but a drop in the bucket. Yes, we are but a drop in the bucket. But remember, every drop in the bucket is just as valuable as any other drop in the bucket. It takes all the drops to fill the bucket. Are we occupying our place in this great plan of salvation?

I remember, once, standing on a bridge, a great and colossal structure. It had required years in the building, and the cost ran into the millions. I stood out on the center of that bridge, and looked down on that mighty river, as its muddy waves rolled onward toward the sea, a sublime spectacle. On the river were many boats and ships going up and going down; some of them with their cargo, to say nothing of the precious lives, were worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, passing in perfect safety beneath that colossal structure. I looked, and I saw coming out of the solid banks over there, some giant cables; great steel ropes as they were, coming out of the solid banks, up over the piers, and under the spans of the bridge, holding the structure there in perfect position. What an enormous weight those cables were sustaining. I looked, and I saw that those cables were composed of fine wires, small wires, thousands of them bundled together formed the cable. Each wire in its place, each wire sustaining its share of the burden. I reasoned this way. Now, am I, as an individual,

helping to sustain the burden of God's great structure, as each small wire is doing? Am I in my place, and doing my duty? We might each ask ourselves the question. Though we be small indeed, are we bearing up our part of the structure? Doubtless, in that great cable there were some defective, or broken wires, of no value, sustaining no part of the burden, only adding weight for other wires to carry. Can it be true that among our number, there are defective broken ones, sustaining no part of God's great structure; only adding weight for others to carry?

While thinking over this, two parables have come into my mind. Now, I always delighted in studying the parables. So exact, so precise in their teaching. Giving no latitude, asking no latitude. The parable of the lost sheep, and the parable of the lost piece of silver. Representing, as they do, the two conditions of lost humanity. The lost sheep representing the sinner, though the door of the fold stands open wide, and the dear shepherd is calling, tenderly calling; he drifts out into the bleak mountains of sin. But the other parable, the lost piece of silver, appeals so much to me. Representing that portion of lost humanity; lost, but not because of their own actions; such as the heathens and cannibals. Lost, dead to their surroundings, dead to their value, with no knowledge of their condition, as the lost piece of silver.

This, probably the shortest parable, is to my mind the sweetest parable that Jesus uttered. This is a woman's parable. It was woman that lost the piece of silver to begin on. It was her fault, she says so. She says: The piece of silver which I had lost; not, the piece of silver that got lost, or the piece of silver that somebody else had lost, but the piece of silver which I had lost. She takes the blame upon her own shoulders. It was woman that was sweeping when Jesus spoke this precious parable.

It is woman that is sweeping today; women as teachers, women as missionaries to foreign lands. Women workers at home and abroad. They are sweeping, sweeping. They are sweeping old Mexico. They are sweeping China. They are sweeping India. They are sweeping the South Sea Islands. They are sweeping darkest Africa. They are sweeping the whole house, sweeping the silver into the kingdom.

This parable says the kingdom of heaven is like unto a woman, which, having ten pieces of silver, lost one of the pieces. Thank heaven she did not lose the other nine. She did not lose her virtue. She did not lose her modesty. She did not lose her intelligence. She did not lose her motherly love, nor the others. But she did lose one piece of her silver. She lights a candle. She sweeps the house. She seeks diligently, till she finds the piece of silver which she had lost.

There is another parable, not mentioned here, that is like unto a woman, which having ten pieces of silver, lost one of the pieces. She did not light a candle. She did not sweep the house. She did not seek diligently. She did not find the piece of silver which she had lost. She did not rejoice with her friends and neighbors. For which kingdom, sisters, do you bend your efforts?

We come now to the most beautiful part of this sweet little parable of two verses. There comes a time when the sweeping ceases. There comes a time when the seeking is ended. You lift up your hands with joy and cry out: Here friends, here neighbors, come and rejoice with me, for I have found the piece of silver which I had lost.

I thank you and may God bless you.

THE GREATEST MALE CHARACTER MENTIONED IN THE BIBLE

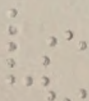
By A. J. Edwards.

Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.

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LESSON XI.

Somewhere in my rounds, I have heard the adage: Every mother crow thinks her baby crow is the blackest. I do not know that this adage is true; or that the crow even has the power to think, but this is supposed to have a parallel in the human family, which is: Every dear mother thinks her little son is the brightest. Now, I do not know that this is true, that all mothers think that way. If they do, that is their privilege. We live in a free country, and they have a right to think as they please. But out of all this, there has come a sequel. A report has gone out, that Hannah once caused a ripple in Heaven by making the assertion that her son Samuel was the greatest and best of men.

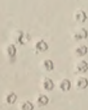


I do not know that this is true, that Hannah ever made the assertion. To tell the truth about it, I don't believe she did. But for argument's sake, we will grant that she did make the boast, and placed her son Samuel above all other men. If she did, it is her privilege; and if other mothers disbelieve it, or if we doubt it, it is our privilege to get down the records and disprove it.

So with Samuel placed at the head of the class, like little boys in school, we will now proceed to investigate the records, to see if there is any other Bible character greater than he; any that can eclipse him, or as the little boys used to say in school, slip him off the headmark.

Before going into the discussion, it is well we understand what is a great character. A great character is made up of two elements: purity and works. As an example, there is a little child in her mother's bosom. She is purity. A pure character. But she is not a great character, for she has not yet had opportunity to accomplish anything to make her a great character. Thus we see that in order to be a great character, one must have both purity and works; of these two elements, purity is the greater.

With this understanding of the meaning of a great character, we might now proceed to investigate some of the great Bible characters. First, it will be necessary to investigate Samuel's claim as to a great



character. As to Samuel's purity we will read the first five verses of the twelfth chapter of the first book of Samuel, which reads as follows:

1. And Samuel said unto all Israel, Behold, I have hearkened unto your voice in all that ye said unto me, and have made a king over you.

2. And now, behold, the king walketh before you: and I am old and grayheaded; and behold, my sons are with you; and I have walked before you from my childhood unto this day.

3. Behold, here I am: witness against me before the Lord, and before his anointed: whose ox have I taken? or whose ass have I taken? or whom have I defrauded? whom have I oppressed? or of whose hand have I received any bribe to blind mine eyes therewith? and I will restore it you.

4. And they said, Thou hast not defrauded us, nor oppressed us, neither hast thou taken ought of any man's hand.

5. And he said unto them, The Lord is witness against you, and his anointed is witness this day, that ye have not found ought in my hand. And they answered, He is witness.

Thus we see that Samuel was purity, his record white as snow, and attested to by those who had walked with him from childhood, and by the anointed king. By all who knew him, and by the God of Heaven, a record white as snow.

As to Samuel's works: We find that his mother took him at weaning time, at one year old, down to Shiloh, placed him in the sanctuary, gave him to the Lord, and went away and left him there. This she did in compliance with a vow she had made the Lord.

We further find from the records that Samuel devoted his entire life to the service of the Lord. As a great character, we find him as to purity; a record white as snow. As to works; from the cradle to the grave.

Well, it seems this would be hard to beat, but says one: Samuel owes it to his mother. His mother is entitled to the credit. Samuel was a mother-made man.

Now while it is our aim, if possible, to find some one who can eclipse Samuel, we will not take this undue advantage of him. It is true, his mother prayed for him, and she took him down to Shiloh and gave him to the Lord, and she left him there. At the end of the year, she made him a pretty little new coat, took it down to him at Shiloh. He would try it on and it would just fit. He would bounce around, hop up in his mother's lap, and kiss the lips that prayed for him. She would leave him again, and at the end of another year, another little new coat, just a little larger. She would take it down to him at Shiloh and it would just fit; and the third year another new coat, and the fourth, and each year another new coat, until the precious mother passed over the way.

Thus we see that Samuel was permitted to be with his precious mother, to hear her council and advice, but a few hours each year. Ah! Samuel, how did you grow up and develop into that mag-

nificent manly character, with having seen your precious mother and having her council and advice but once a year, when we have around us scores and scores of men and boys who grow up right under their mother's cares and prayers, day after day, and year after year, and yet develop into little better than monkeys. How did you do it, Samuel? No, Samuel was not a mother-made man. He was a mother-helped man. I like a mother-helped man. If there is any one on this earth that can beat a mother-helped man, it is a self-helped man, one who has done things without a mother.

With this understanding of Samuel as a great character, we might now proceed to investigate other great Bible characters, to see if there is one who can eclipse him.

As it may be necessary to notice a number of characters we will go back, back to Adam, the first man.

Ah! Adam, we all know what is the trouble with you; you let your wife take you by the nose, and lead you around as she pleases. Nothing to you.

Methusaleh, the oldest man, all it says of you is, that you were born, lived nine hundred and sixty nine years; begat sons and daughters and died, about up to the average.

Noah, dear old father Noah. You worked one hundred and twenty years in the tar and the pitch,

to build the ark, to save the human race from extinction, and kept the Devil from losing his job, but after all Noah, you went and got drunk. Bah!

Saul of old, the tallest man. Head and shoulders above everybody else, in size, but pshaw!

Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob. Dear old patriarchs. What's the record?

Well, if here isn't the first Ananias club ever organized, so help me Cynda. Liars. The last one of you has lied, and it has leaked out on you, and we'll know it down to the thousandth generation. Can't use you.

Joseph, precious lad, your brothers sold you to the Arabs, and you bawled like a calf, but you soon had them and your dear old father too, bawling like grown steers. Ah! Joseph, this wasn't doing good for evil, and that is one of the commandments. I see here Joseph, where I think you made a mistake. You told that woman the reason you would not do her bidding, was that her husband was putting unlimited confidence in you, and you would not betray his confidence. That is splendid Joseph, splendid, and I want to say right here, that an individual who would betray a friend's confidence, under such conditions, is not fit to be cut up into small pieces and put into the slop for the hog trough. Why, he would give the hogs the cholera. Joseph, you could have told Mrs. Potiphar, that there was an all-seeing God in Heaven that knows all things, and that

He was putting unlimited confidence in you, and you would not betray His confidence. That would have covered all sides of the question, and I think would have ended the matter. I'll have to pass you.

Moses, the meekest man, you got awful, awful angry, Moses. You didn't burst yourself, but you sure did burst those old stone tablets. I'll have to pass you.

Samson, the stoutest man, the lion wasn't in your way, but you let a pretty little woman knock your trotters for you. I can't use you.

David, sweet singer of Israel, you got up the first song book ever published, and one that has stood the test of ages, and they tell me, you wrote some of the very best of those songs yourself. What's the record? Uriah! Front of the battle. Dying baby. Ah! David. Did you do this? And with all those blessings around you? The record says you did. Well, no wonder your old knees smote together like clapboards, when Nathan poked his finger under your nose, and said: Thou art the man. No wonder those heathen nations flogged you up one side and down the other, all your life long, till you couldn't get time to build the temple. Well, they wouldn't have wanted to worship in a church house you built, anyway. No wonder your own dear sons chased you around over the mountains and into the caves, trying to kill you. Chips off the same old block. No wonder your three hundred wives

snatched you bald headed, and led you a cat's life. I glory in their spunk. I see here David, it says away on down here in Christ's time, you were not yet ascended into the Heavens; and sometimes I wonder if they had have let you in any sooner, that the angels would have gone on a strike. Ah! David, you have given great occasion for the enemies of the Lord to blaspheme.

Solomon, the wisest man that ever was, or ever will be. Now that ever-will-be part of it, was about the hardest of all for me to swallow. That was harder to swallow than the fish story. But Solomon, I believe you have done some things that warrant the conclusion. When those two women had the lawsuit about the two little babies; they both looked you right square in the eyes, and without a wink, they swore they were the mother of the little live baby, and that they had given it birth. They both looked you right square in the eyes and without a blink, they swore that they were not the mother of the little dead baby, and that they had not given it birth. Solomon, you had the wisdom to settle it. Judges can't go it that way this day and time. There would be a lot of them swearing to the little dead baby. But Solomon, you have done one thing that lays that in the shade. They tell me that you had one thousand wives. Now if you had wisdom to fool one thousand women and make them think you were something, when you weren't, and we poor scrubs

down here this day and time, have a hard time a fooling one of them; I think you take the ribbon. No, Solomon, there will never be another man on this earth, with wisdom enough to fool a thousand of them, but it will take something besides wisdom and wives, to knock old Samuel's trotters.

Job, the most patient man, you gave Satan the hardest jolt he ever got since he bumped this old planet. If Satan had known how that business was going to terminate, he would not have done that for a thousand souls. No not for ten thousand souls or more. A splendid piece of work Job, and the very first verse of the record says that you were a perfect man. A perfect man with such a splendid piece of work. But the records do not mention other work. Samuel's work was from the cradle to the grave. I am afraid to risk you at the head of the class; I'll place you third.

Daniel, you patted the lion on the head like a baby would a kitten; and you went up against the old king himself. But Daniel, you did one thing I don't admire. You let that old heathen king Belshazzar dress you up in scarlet, and make you third ruler in his old rotten kingdom, and you sat up there all diked up, while your poor kinfolks were out there starving. A weak place, Daniel. But after all not so bad; for isn't it a fact that we all have the same weakness for office and fine clothing? I'll place you fourth.

Enoch and Elijah, records white as snow. Just what I'm hunting. But Samuel stuck to his job to his dying day, you went home to walk in glory. I can't use you.

Prophets, prophets, both majors and minors; records white as snow, but a little short of works. I'll have to pass you. We cross over the line.

John the Baptist, record white as snow; but like the little babe, called from its mother's bosom, to walk with God in Heaven, you never had opportunity to prove your greatness. You lost your head in the first great battle.

Jesus knew the hearts of men; with his associates I'll find him.

Peter, what's the record. Ah! You denied your Lord and Master, and cursed before a woman, you wouldn't be knee high to old Samuel.

Andrew, you went out and found your brother, and led him to the Master. But that's no more than we all ought to do, and no more than thousands are doing. Hear them calling:

O, weary brother with sin oppressed,
Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home.
Come go with me and find sweet rest,
Heaven's my home, Heaven's my home.
Hear them calling.

John the beloved, John the divine, oh, how the master loved you, and you loved him and leaned upon his bosom. But John, I see here from the records

that you and your brother James, and your dear old mother, Salome Zebedee, were all into a compact, into a combine by which you would have Jesus, because he was kinfolks to you, to appoint you to the high offices. Now, John, riding into office over the kinfolks route is just a little shade too dirty. I can't use you.

Paul, the most eloquent man. How I wish I had time to speak of these splendid chapters you have written that we love to read and study so well; or to make mention of that splendid race you ran, wherein you lay aside the weights that did beset you, and ran with patience and won. Paul, I am hunting purity. What's the record? Ah! I see here that while that mob was beating and pounding poor old Stephen around like a bunch of boys would beat and pound a rattlesnake; they had him knocked down, his legs broken, his ribs crushed, his jaws all knocked in, his teeth all knocked out, his eyes burst out the sockets, hanging down on his cheeks all bloody, you stood by holding their coats, and hallowing Amen. You old scoundrel, you say yourself that you are not fit to be classed with the least of them; not fit to stand foot; not fit to stand in the class; because you persecuted the saints.

Ah! You old sinners, don't you hate to have your record read to this great crowd down here? Yes. and won't we hate to have ours read to that great crowd up yonder?

Who is next to bump old Samuel? Martin Luther. Oh! I've got to stick to Bible characters. Well, that suits me the better; for there's where we get both sides of the business.

But I'm through. Whom did I miss? Whom did I overlook? O yes, Zaccheus, the littlest man. Well, Zaccheus, it says here that you invited a preacher home with you one day for dinner and made him some good promises. Now that is splendid, Zaccheus; not every rich man would do that this day and time; splendid; but I'm afraid one dinner and some good promises wouldn't knock old Samuel off the headmark. I'll have to pass you. But where is he? Where is he?

Yes, I remember once over in Galilee, Jesus got himself into trouble. Yes, into trouble. Well, it was like the little boy in school where I was teaching. I had a class up reciting, it was in the second reader I believe; and the lesson was about two little boys that had disobeyed their mother, gone down on the river, got into a boat, and out on the water, and the boat had turned over with them and the reading was this: And the boys were in the greatest danger of being drowned. The little fellow was reading it; hitting it along pretty well, And-the-boys-were-in-the-greatest-greatest—I was praying for him but he went back, And-the-boys-were-in-the-greatest—tight. That was the way with Jesus. He had got into the greatest tight; not by disobedience, however.

It came about in this way. He stood out there in the city early one morning, where everyone could hear him; and called in a loud voice: Come unto me all ye that thirst; I am the light, I am the life, I am the bread. They all heard him, and came flocking around him, the men, women, and children; a great throng of people. He talked to them kindly; and healed their diseases. But the throng was so great, that he could scarcely move; so he whispered to the disciples that they would have to get on the boat and give them the slip. So he and his disciples worked their way down to the edge of the lake; stepped out on the boat and drifted away. They cut across the corner of the lake, toward a landing in a desert place over there. But the people were watching him; and when they saw which way he was going, and knew where he would make the landing, they lit out, the whole business of them, men, women, and children, around the edge of the lake, as hard as they could go; some walking, some running, some riding on burros, and some riding on behind them; here they went, the whole push of them around the lake, and by the time Jesus and his disciples reached the landing, so the Bible says, there was a great multitude of people there to greet him. Why, if one of your dear pastors was to come out here to preach some Sunday morning, and should be greeted by such an enthusiastic crowd as that, they would be so overcome with joy, they

would have to be carried home on the stretchers. It was a great multitude. We are told there were five thousand men, besides women and children. Now if they tallied out then, like they do this day and time at our Sunday schools, and prayer meetings, there must have been about a million. Jesus met them smiling, talked to them kindly, told them good Bible stories. I do not know what he talked to them about. It may have been about the children of Israel over there in Egypt, and how cruelly the Egyptians treated them. Or it may have been about the children of Israel over there in the wilderness, and how cruelly they treated poor old Moses. Or it may have been about some of those precious sainted mothers. So many good things to talk about, that he kept talking, and they kept listening, and dinner time came, and a past dinner time, and you know how awful hungry a fellow can get about twelve—three P. M. on preaching day. He kept a talking, and the disciples were getting awful hungry. They worked their way around through the multitude to where he was; and nudged him off to one side and said: Here, it's a way past dinner time, and this is a desert place. Send the multitude away, that they may go get something to eat. Jesus says: I have not told them near all I wish to tell them; so many things yet to say to them; you feed them, and we will have an evening service. They say: Only two hundred pence in the treasury. That

wouldn't buy enough for them to taste it. Jesus says: Get out in the multitude and see what they have. Now, I do not know just how this happened, but I don't see how it could have happened much different from just about like this. Jesus says: Get out in the multitude and see what they have to start it with. Andrew and some more of them got out in the multitude; Andrew gets up on a high place and calls out: Everybody here that has any dinner with you, hold up your hand. He looks all over the multitude; not a hand. A little boy over there under the shade of a bush, shaking his hand for dear life. Andrew doesn't see him. Just like we are this day and time, we look all over the big folks and never see the boy back there shaking his hand for dear life that's got more goods than the whole push of them. Andrew doesn't see him. He runs around there, he bumps up against a stout sister. Sister, did you bring any dinner with you? No, I thought he said he had the bread. Andrew runs around there, he calls out: Anybody here got any dinner? About that time the lad pipes out: I've got my dinner. Andrew sees him, he runs over there. What you got little man? Five cakes and two fishes. Andrew runs over to the Master and says: There isn't a thing in all this multitude, except a lad back there has five barley loaves and two little fishes. Jesus says: Get them and bring them hither. Andrew breaks back to the lad, and the grass isn't

growing under his feet either. He reaches out his hand. The master wants these, little man. The lad draws his basket back; I won't give him my dinner. I wish I had time to tell you what I would guess happened between that big Jew and that little Jew in the next minute or two; but I must skip right over to the last. Andrew is pleading with him to turn it over to the Master. It's the only food. It's the only chance. No, little man, I can't leave you half of it. The master said bring it all hither. No, little man, I can't leave you one of the cakes and one of the fishes. The Master said bring it all up there. But you see this multitude of people. They're hungry, they're starving. If you will let me take this up to the Master, he can make enough out of it to feed all this multitude all they can eat and you'll have plenty. Just like these? Yes, just like them. And he'll not forget me? No, he'll not forget you. The lad pushes his basket forward. Andrew stoops over to receive it. He takes Andrew a square look in the eyes; just like a banker would a stranger, should he bob up at the pay window with a hundred thousand dollar check. Ah! Andrew, it's a good thing you had eyes in your head that minute; or you would have missed your dinner that Sunday. And he'll not forget me? No, he'll not forget you. He pushes his basket forward. He turns it loose. His dinner's gone.

But says one: How do you know that's the way it happened? I don't know that's the way it happened. But there are some things I do know. I know that Jesus of Nazareth is preaching there in a desert place to a multitude of dying people and that in order for him to go on with his discourse, and tell them other good things he has in store for them; it is necessary for that multitude to be fed. And I know that boy has all the food in that place that day. He has more than the five thousand men, the stout sister, and all the other sisters combined. But will he turn it over to the Master?

Now, I want each and every one of you to put yourself right square in that boy's place just one minute. Suppose it was show day, and everybody was in town, and the strangers, and you had some little trinket in your hand your mother had given you; or some little bite to eat; and a stranger came running up to you and said: Here, the boss up there wants that; he'll send you back two or three more like it directly. Would there be anything doing? No, sir. Will the boy give up his dinner? It depends upon the boy. They can't take his dinner from him by force. Had Jesus and his disciples gone over there and pounced on to that boy to take his dinner by force; then that five thousand men, the stout sister, and all the other sisters, would have pounced onto them, and there would have been another war in Heaven, and Jesus and his disciples

would have been kicked skyward. They can't take it by force. Besides, Jesus says: My kingdom is a kingdom of love, and not a kingdom of force. And were he to extort one penny from any one by force, he would make himself a liar, and the whole business would burst like a bubble.

Well, will the boy sell his little basket of food for money? Will he put a price on it that will enable Jesus and his disciples to purchase it with that two hundred pence? Or will he part with his dinner for money at all?

I remember once eating a little cake, not much larger than a silver dollar, that money would not have bought. Two tiny little hands, under the directions and instructions of a mother, had taken the flour, and the sugar, and the other things, and put them together, and made that little cake, and it was the first cake those tiny little hands had ever made; and it had come a long ways to me in a letter; and it was my birthday cake. There are things that would have bought that little cake, but it was not gold or its equivalent.

Will the lad part with his food for money?

What is going to happen there in that desert place that evening, depends upon that boy. Ah! says one: Jesus could make bread out of the stones there to feed that multitude. Well, he didn't make bread of stones to feed himself with when he was hungry. He could raise up children fit to be Abraham's chil-

dren, out of the rocks around there; but whether he could provide food to feed a set of men that ought to provide food to feed themselves, is a different proposition. I leave that for others to prove. Ah! says another: He could get along without that boy and that basket of grub alright. Yes, He could get along without that boy, and that basket of grub alright. He could get along without Peter, and his sermon on the day of pentecost alright. He could get along without Paul, and his defense before king Agrippa alright. He could get along without David, and his song book alright. But the fact in the case is: he didn't do it. It depends upon the boy.

Another thing I know, is, that he did in some way turn it over to the Master. For it says: Jesus took the loaves and the fishes, both the fishes, and blessed them. He blessed them in his own hands not in the hands of the boy.

Another thing I know, that presently, there were baskets, great baskets of food, going out over that multitude. I do not know where they got all those empty baskets to fill, but I know that they are now filled, and that multitude is fed to their hearts' content, and Jesus is permitted to go on with his discourse, and tell that multitude other good things he had in store for them.

But I must hasten. I take the lad by the hand and say: Come here little man, I want to use you a minute. I lead him around to where Samuel and the

others are waiting. The judge is getting impatient, and Samuel thinks he's got the head mark, and is feeling quite proud. But pride goes before a fall. I lead the lad around there, and I say: Here judge is a little man; I don't know his name, but his record is white as the driven snow, and see what he has done. The judge takes the record and reads. By one simple act of faith, in believing what the disciples told him of Jesus' power, he has turned loose the last bite he had on earth to eat, and right at a time when he needed it most. By this simple act of faith, he has made it possible for Jesus to feed a multitude of hungry people in a desert land. By this simple act of faith, he has made it possible for the Son of God to preach another thrilling sermon to a multitude of dying people, and perhaps one soul led to salvation, which is worth more than all the world together. By this simple act of faith, he has made it possible for Jesus of Nazareth to prove and establish his reputation, that he was then, is now, and forevermore the bread. And he has done this of his own free will and accord, without the help or the assistance, or the influence, of a mother.

The judge finishes, he turns, and says: Samuel, you're not knee high to that boy. So Samuel, I will slip you down a notch; and place the little man that had the goods and delivered them, at the head of the class, and I challenge the world to move you.

Now friends, whatever may be the value or correctness of this conclusion, there stands out before us two great and important lessons. First. As we have sketched, hurriedly through the history of these great and illustrious Bible characters; we find that they had their weak places, as we have our weak places. We find here the careless, and the indifferent man, the drinking man, the high tempered man, the lying and the deceitful man, the man with his blood so red it is rotten, the profane man, the unscrupulous office-seeker, the over-zealous man, the whole curriculum. They had their weak places as we have ours. Satan searched out those weak places, made inroads upon them, and damaged their influence, as he will damage ours. This word of advice: Let us know our weak places, fortify them, and fight Satan to a finish.

This other lesson, I hear some one say: I never would have thought of the boy. That's our trouble, friends, we never think of the boy. Though we have scores and scores of instances, where great and illustrious men of our times, men who have done things, have been unnoticed, unthought of ragged urchins.

This parting word. Think of the boy. Think of the boy.

I thank you and may God bless you.

THE LOST LESSON

By A. J. Edwards.

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Lesson XII.

Probably there are none of us, who do not delight in gazing upon any of the pictures, or paintings of the great artists. These are indeed thrilling, and soulstirring, but there is another kind of picture, that, if possible, is more thrilling than these. It is the picture drawn upon the mind. A picture drawn in words.

To my mind the greatest theme, or basis, for a word picture, or a picture drawn on the mind is this: the quaint little city of Bethlehem as it existed in the days of the Herods, as the setting. In this little city are gathered together from every quarter of the land, in obedience to the decree of the Emperor those who must enroll their names and pay their taxes. In this great concourse of people we see a little family, two in number, a husband and wife, worn and weary from their long trip from

Nazareth in Galilee. We see them as from place to place they wend their way in search of shelter from the winter's cold. There is no room in the inn. They are forced to take shelter in the stalls where the oxen are fed.

Here during the night, in this peculiar place, is born to this anxious husband and wife, a precious babe, a man child.

But it is the purpose of this lecture to draw another picture, though not so thrilling, is fraught with interest to us all, and gives out a precious lesson to a peculiar class of people.

Near the time of the occurrence of the important event just mentioned, about one hundred miles North of Jerusalem, in Galilee in the unnoticed little city of Magdala, there is born into this world another precious baby, not a man child but a sweet little daughter.

Now, we know absolutely nothing of this occurrence, except that some precious mother went down in suffering, and fought the death angel, that her darling child might live.

Just here it is a little difficult to proceed with our drawing. But in our mind we see a sweet little daughter, her name is Mary, as she plays around her mother's knee. She hops in her mother's lap, she put her arms around her mother's neck. She kisses her lips, and calls her mother.

We see her as year after year, she grows in stature, beauty and intelligence, until at last, blossoming into womanhood, a loving daughter, the pride and the joy of a devoted father and mother.

Just here our picture changes from bright to darker scenes. Skulking there in that little city, as is customary in most all cities, are some devils. They have their eyes on that beautiful girl. They are watching her. By cunning devices, and pleasant promises, and wily intrigues, they gain entrance into that happy home. Perhaps over the protests of watchful, and praying parents, they weave the woe-ful web.

Time passes. The once brilliant, and sparkling eye of that precious daughter, so accustomed to looking her mother squarely in the eyes, if we notice closely, we see the evasive glance, too plain to be mistaken.

Just here our picture grows exceedingly dim; and as we revive it, the scene shifts to the more prosperous city of Capernaum. Just what length of time has elapsed, we do not know. And 'tis here, we again see our beautiful Mary. But no longer that evasive glance. Instead of that, there is the bold forward look, that smile that surpasses all understanding. Even the stranger, as he passes by, gets the friendly tip.

Just here in our picture we have a two fold scene; a dual view. Followed by a mother's love, or by a

father's prayer, or perhaps touched by a word from one who is teaching the way to eternal life, a heart is touched, a heart is broken. No longer the bold, smiling face; but an aching, bleeding heart.

The next scene in our picture, shifts to the home of a rich Pharisee, and Jesus of Nazareth is dining there. Behind him, and crouched at his feet, is a poor sin-sick mortal, with aching, bleeding heart, she begs and pleads for mercy. Braving the scoffs and the scorns of all around, with tears streaming down upon Jesus' feet, she begs and pleads till Jesus says, Go thy way in peace, thy sins are forgiven thee. Ah! What a changed mortal, and how happy the change.

But whither will she go? Where will we see her in our next picture? Who will receive her, or take her into their home? The rich Pharisee? Oh no. 'Twas manner's sake only, that kept him from ordering her off his premises. Oh no, not he.

Will hunger and privation, and the sneers of a cruel world, force her back upon the charity of those seven devils? God forbid. May Heaven help this poor outcast wreck of humanity.

The next scene in our picture shifts to a little group of men, a dozen or more, led by one Jesus of Nazareth, as they plod their way over those Galilean hills. No home, no shelter, tired and weary, they go into camp. And 'tis here again we see our Mary as she ministers unto Jesus and to his disci-

ples. She cooks the food, she washes the dishes. She cleans the pots. She is giving her life to that one who befriended her in her time of need. No one would have her around them but Jesus.

We come now to look upon a very touching scene in our picture. A long tedious journey must be taken. Jesus and his disciple must go to Jerusalem. But we find our Mary, and other faithful women followers, ready to make the journey with them, to minister to their necessities. After many days of tedious travel, they reach their destination. Foot worn and weary, they go into camp. But scarcely have they time to rest, when their Master is taken into custody; given a mock trial, condemned to die and crucified on Calvary. In the picture we see our Mary, and the other faithful followers, as they behold their Lord and Master, bleeding, and dying, upon that cruel cross.

Our next scene is a little funeral procession. Pious men have taken the lifeless body of Jesus, and proceed to bury it. We see our Mary and the other faithful women, as they follow up to see where they will lay him. Now a dim scene in our picture follows. A little camp fire near Mt. Olivet, around which are gathered these faithful followers, but their Master is not with them.

Then vividly in our picture, we see those devoted women; as they count out the coins to pay for the precious ointment, and spices, with which they in-

tend to anoint the dead body of their Lord and Master. And again we see them, in our picture, three in number, as they trudge along those deserted streets in the early hours of the morning, on their mission of love and reverence.

Why have they chosen this lonely hour of darkness to perform their mission?

We have heard it suggested that they wished to escape the taunts and jeers, and the ridicule of the rabble.

Well, they didn't try to escape the taunts and jeers of the rabble, as they stood at the foot of the cross of their dying Saviour.

They did not try to escape the ridicule of the rabble, as they followed up in that funeral procession.

Neither are they evading them now.

We have heard it suggested that they would not be permitted to carry out their purpose. That the rabble would prevent them.

The rabble did not prevent Nicodemus, who came to him by night, and Joseph of Arimathaea, from taking the body from the cross, and giving it a decent burial.

Neither would they have prevented these devoted women, from anointing his lifeless body. Indeed, those heartless soldiers who pierced him, would have given them aid. And those who mocked and spat upon him would have helped them roll away the stone. Mortal man as devoid of honor as he may become, respects the tears of woman.

Why do they come while it is yet dark? It is because their hearts are burning to perform this duty to their Lord and Master. Their hearts are bleeding to look once more upon the face of their loved one. The law prevents them from coming sooner. Not demons nor devils, nor the fear of the rabble, but respect for their law prevents them from coming earlier.

In our picture we see them as lonely, with aching, bleeding hearts, they trudge along, and wondering who will help them roll away the stone.

Ah! Precious women, there has been an occurrence of which you are not aware. A seal has been placed upon that sepulchre. The Roman seal. And it is death to the one who breaks it.

No odds how much they might desire to assist you; the Roman seal forbids them. Your mission as far as humanity is concerned, is to prove a total failure. You will return to your lonely camp, carrying with you, those precious ointments.

In our picture we see them, as they reach the sepulchre; the awe, the consternation depicted on their faces, when they find that the stone is rolled away, and the body of their loved one is taken from them.

In their terror, their first thought is to seek assistance. And with womanly nature, they turn to the stronger arm; to Peter and John.

But who will do the errand? The other Mary is aged, the mother of one of the disciples. Salome, also, is old, the mother of two of the disciples. Our Mary Magdalene. She runs to carry the message to Peter and John. In our picture, we see her, as street after street she crosses, clipping off the distance.

These two disciples hasten to the sepulchre, followed closely by the fleet-footed Mary.

After some investigation, these two disciples go sadly away to their homes. The other two women have left the sepulchre. But Mary Magdalene stands without weeping. Why should she weep so bitterly? Why does she not go to her home? She has no home to which she may go.

Will she now, and at last by hunger and cold, be forced back onto the mercies of those seven devils? They would welcome her, indeed they would. God of Heaven help her in her hour of need.

Just then some one speaks to her and says: Whom seek ye? She says: They have taken away our Lord, and we know not where they have laid him. Jesus says, Mary.

No spoken words, or paintings drawn, can portray the joy of that poor mortal that moment. We drop the curtain.

I have been asked the question: How many Mary Magdalenes were there? I do not know how many Mary Magdalenes there were that day and time,

nor do I know how many Mary Magdalenes there are this day and time. But I do know that there are many poor mortals who have their being or their existence somewhere along the scenes, portrayed in this word picture.

To such poor mortals, I will say, that bitter tears at Jesus' feet, and a willingness to give your life to the service of Jesus of Nazareth, will bring help and mercy from Heaven.

You can never find your lost piece of silver, but you can find a merciful Saviour.

THE GOAL

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons And Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the author.*

Lesson XIII.

I remember a good many years ago, when this large city was but a small town, with only two or three railroads, that another railroad magnate desired, also, to build his lines into the city.

Building on up this way, he found that in order for him to get into the city, it would be necessary for him to cross one or the other of these first railways. The owners of these railways, not over-anxious for competition, refused to let him cross their right of way, unless he pay an enormous bonus, such as would almost bankrupt him.

Did he give it up? No. He went back there a few miles, and began grading at the bed rock, as it were, grading up, up, inch by inch, up, inch by inch, until when he came to the obstacle, he crossed over, built on into the city, and reached the goal.

Thinking over this, I believe we have some valuable applications in our walks of life.

Doubtless, each boy and girl in the land, looks forward to some object, a goal, that they desire to reach. It is true, that some of these boys have a great base ball king, or prize fighter, they wish to imitate. And some of the girls have as their ideal a great movie star, or some queen of the upper set as their goal. But we believe that most boys and girls, have a real goal, a work, an occupation, a profession, to which their mind is continually leading them. A desire to do that work, a desire to fill that sphere, is continually drawing them that way.

They begin building on up that way. But soon they find that in order for them to attain their desire, to reach that goal, there is a bonus to pay. An earnest, heroic effort to put forth, a price to pay.

Sad to say, that many of these precious boys and girls, at this critical time, give up the struggle. They never reach the goal, and never amount to anything in this life.

But many a precious boy and girl, when they come to see the obstacles, to view the obstructions, ahead of them, with determined zeal, begin back at the bed rock, and inch by inch, they build up, up, till when they come to the obstruction they cross over and reach the goal. It is such as these, who have accomplished things in this world.

Again, we have an application with the one who is just taking up the cause of the Master. To every

such an individual there comes a vision, a work to do, a task to perform. A desire, some to do this, and some to do that. To each and every one, a particular calling. A certain goal to reach.

They begin to build on that way, but soon they realize that there are obstructions, there are obstacles in the way. There is a bonus to pay, if they reach the goal.

Sad to say, many give it up. They will not pay the price.

They utterly fail to do the work, the Master has called them to do.

But others, placing their Master's cause above all other things, begin at the bed rock, build up, up, until when the obstacles are encountered, they pass over, and reach the goal. Such as these are building for the Master, are winning souls for the kingdom of heaven.

There is another application. Unquestionably, no sane person lives, who does not look forward to eternity, and wonder how, and where, they will spend those eternal years. Beyond this life they see the goal. Will they reach it? Will they pay the price? How, and where will they spend eternity?

THE INFIDEL vs THE BIBLE

By A. J. Edwards.

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Lesson XIV.

In the selection of our topic for this lecture. The Infidel vs. the Bible, the word infidel, has reference to the followers of the late Col. Robt. G. Ingersol, and the selection was made for convenience, and brevity, and is not intended as a slur, or reflection on this, if not the greatest, one of the greatest, of the world's religious thinkers, and orators of the nineteenth century, if not of all time. Indeed, Henry Ward Beecher said of him, that no man on earth could talk like Ingersol.

Nor would we detract one iota, from the great principles of ethics, and morality, as laid down by this eminent man; so needful for the welfare of mankind in this earthly life. But the purpose for which this lecture is put into print, and sent out over the earth, is to point out some of the mistakes, as we see them, of Ingersol, in his comments on the

Bible; the truths of which book are so needful for us to understand, in our preparation for the life to come.

For a better understanding of the purpose, and the cause, leading up to the writing of this lecture, a brief sketch of my early life, would be in place here.

Fortunately for me, I had praying parents. In our home was the family altar, a religious duty so much neglected this day and time. And there I heard my father pray, and though near a half century has passed since he was taken from our home, many of the expressions, such as: Lord watch over my precious children, and keep them from dangers seen and unseen, are remembered, as though spoken just yesterday. When that father came to die, in his last agony, as death came to him, he lifted up his hand, and looking at his children, he pointed towards Heaven, and passed away. The value of this effort will be seen, as we proceed with our subject.

After all this, shameful to say, I wandered deep into sin; and it was my hap, as I wandered, to light in a community composed largely of infidels, and where infidelity was popular.

About the time I had reached my majority, I was, one day, in the little city of Weatherford, Texas, in the law office of a friend, a brilliant young lawyer. In the conversation, in some way, I quoted a verse of scripture. Says he: You don't believe in that old

snag, do you? I said: Yes, I suppose I do. Swallow it down, fish story and all? said he. Yes, I replied. If I believe any of it, I believe it all. Ah! said he, you are too sensible a man for that. Then he said: I have a book here I'll give you, you take it home and read it; it will open your eyes. He handed me a small volume; the name of the book was, *The Bible versus the Bible, or, Forty-two Contradictions in the Bible*, written by Col. Robt. G. Ingersol. I took the book home with me and studied it closely, and it seemed to be correct and unanswerable; especially in that he showed that Christianity had always held, and was still holding down, the progress of true science. Showing that statements in the Bible to which Christianity adhered, seemed to be untrue. I knew that to some extent, Ingersol was correct.

This was brought more forcibly to me in my early school work; when it would go so far as that patrons, and trustees, would tell me that if I continued to teach such infidel ideas, as to the shape of the earth, or its movements in space, or of the length of time in the creation, that they would stop their children from school, and put me out the business.

But the crowning event came, when all the teachers of our county came together, and planned a great educational rally, to be held at a certain date, at which, would be discussed the vexing problems confronting the school work.

Now, it being necessary that someone be sacrificed, and myself being of the least importance, I was given the subject of the creation.

The date of the rally having come, and everybody being there, and my name on the program being reached, I came forward, and in the best words at my command, I pictured to them, those long periods of time, in which all the magnificent grandeur of the heaven, had been brought about, and then the great coal fields, and other great mineral deposits, and formations of the ages gone by. Well to cut a long story short, I did my dead level best.

The question being opened for discussion, there came forward a minister, one of my own creed you must know. He had a voice that would jar the whole building; and in words to this effect, he told that audience, that never before had he heard such base infidelity, and such a gross insult to Christianity. And wondered how long patrons and trustees of the schools would sit like mummies, and permit such pernicious doctrine to be taught their children. Remarking, that anyone who would teach such abominable doctrine, should not be countenanced in society, much less in the school room. Then he reminded them that the fact that these scientists were divided among themselves, was proof that they were in error. Then he told them that a great Chicago educator had recently announced the discovery, that the human soul was so small, that it could be put in

a thimble. He wound up by quoting scripture, that in six days created he the heavens and the earth; and that by his breath created he them.

Did I answer him? No. I did feel like telling him, that the soul of that individual, whom the Chicago educator had examined, was about the size of the mind of the man, who could imagine that God would sit idly around through all those billions of years, and then come suddenly into the limelight, by having world, suns, stars, comets, and nebulae, flying out of his mouth like sparks from a blacksmith's forge, and that if being divided, was evidence of error, Christianity was hopelessly on the run; and in answer to the scripture that by his breath created he them; that some men did seem to be made mostly of wind.

But for harmony's sake, I let it pass. I was rankled. I said to myself: If this is Christianity, I want none of it, Ingersol is right; and the thing to do, is to come out boldly, as Ingersol had done; and hit that delusion, and hit it hard.

There came to me the thought of that father's prayers; that hand that pointed us children, away towards Heaven. What would I do with that? Then again: Is it not a fact that there are extremists in all things? After careful deliberation, I determined to give the whole affair a close investigation. What is the truth about it? If God has created nature and the Bible, they must correspond. There must positively be no contradiction whatever.

COME LET US REASON TOGETHER

Now with Ingersol's writings before us, and books of science at our command, and nature for our consideration, and the Bible in one hand; we will proceed to settle this business for time and eternity. First, let us consider the creation.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it, and nature proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, that there was a time when this earth did not exist; that it came together by particles. Turning to the Bible we read: And the earth was void and without form, and darkness was upon the face of the deep. All agreed. No contradiction. Nothing to quibble about, except how long the earth remained void, and without form.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it, and nature proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, that there was a time on this earth, that no living thing existed on this earth, either vegetable, animal, or human. Not even the smallest vegetable spore. Turning to the Bible we read: And God said, let the dry land appear: and it was so. Absolute corroboration. Nothing to quibble about whatever, except the length of time it took the dry land to appear.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it, and nature proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the first form of life on this earth, was vegetable life; and that it grew under a different form of heat and light, to what we now have. Immense forests of trees, growing as if on an enormous hot bed, such as

have made our great coal fields. Turning to the Bible we read: And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass, the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit after his kind, and it was so. The earth brought forth grass, and herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree yielding fruit, and God saw that it was good. And the evening and the morning were the third day. Perfect harmony. Nothing to quibble about, except the length of the third day.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it, and nature proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, that there has been a change in the system of heat and light, under which vegetation has grown on the earth, two wholly different systems of heat and light. Turning to the Bible we read: And God made two great lights; the greater light to rule the day, and the lesser light to rule the night. And God saw that it was good, and the evening and the morning, were the fourth day. Perfect corroboration. Nothing to quibble about, except the length of the fourth day.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it, and nature proves beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the first form of animal life to exist on this earth, was of a lower order; such as could live in the water, and that could fly in the air. Turning to our Bible we read: And God created whales, and every living creature which the waters brought forth; and every winged fowl. And God saw that it was good; and

the evening and the morning were the fifth day. All agreed. Nothing to quibble about, except the length of the fifth day.

Ingersol teaches us, science claims it; and nature proves beyond a shadow of a doubt, that following the creation of the lower order of animal life, that the higher order, such as the beasts of the field, the cattle, and last of all, man was created. Turning to the Bible we read: And God created the beasts of the earth after his kind; and cattle after their kind; and every living thing that creepeth upon the earth after his kind. And God saw that it was good. And God created man in his own image; in the image of God created he him; male and female created he them. And God blessed them and said: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth, and subdue it. and have dominion over it. And the evening and the morning were the sixth day. All in perfect harmony. Nothing to quibble about, except the length of the sixth day.

So I see no reason why we should not accept the Bible as being wholly true.

Hold up, says the infidel, here's where you are wrong. Your Bible says that all this creation took place in six days; and science claims it; and nature proves beyond the shadow of a doubt that this creation did not take place in six days.

Alright, leaving aside all argument, as to what could have happened, we will agree with you, in-

fidel, that it did not occur in six days, as man counts time. But we must consider whether these six days are reckoned in man's time, or solar time, or God's time. You note that just now, in perfect harmony, we agreed that three of these days had passed, before the sun was created; and therefore could not be counted in solar time. We agreed that the fourth day, the fifth day, and a great part of the sixth day had passed before man was created, and therefore, could not be reckoned in man's time. Conclusive proof that these six days were reckoned in God's time.

Turning to our Bible we read: A day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years is as a day.

So we consider the matter settled.

Hold up, says the infidel; there's something yet. Scientific research, is about to prove, that there was a pre-Adamic race. Alright, that would not bother us, should they prove it. God had plenty of time and is it not a fact that this human race came within eight of losing out? And if it had not been for righteous Noah refusing to accept infidelity, would have lost out. And do you think that God would have let this beautiful world move on and on through space forever, with none to sing his praise? No. There would have been a post-Adamic race or two.

No need to worry about a pre-Adamic race.

Hold up, says the infidel. Here's where your Bible is at fault. It says that God is the author of all living. And the scientists are on the eve of proving that distilled water can be taken, and kept absolutely free from any impregnation, and can be made to bring forth life.

Alright, let them prove it, and probably they will. It will only add another link to the already strong chain of evidence; for the power that brought the waters together, and said: Let the waters bring forth abundantly, could give it the power to do his bidding.

But, says the infidel, here's where I've got you. Your Bible says that God created all living things, male and female, and we know that there are continually coming into existence, bugs, and insects of different kinds, that have had no existence on earth heretofore. Yes, we know this to be true; but like the foregoing paragraph, he said: Let the earth bring forth abundantly the living creature, and we see that it has the power to do so.

But, says the infidel, we are just about to discover the missing link. To such I would say, that if there be such a thing as the missing link, the quickest way to discover it, is to turn your microscope upon your puny self.

There can be no missing link. Absolutely no connection between a being with an immortal soul, and a being without an immortal soul. You are either

one or the other. Your foreparents came fresh from the hand of God, or were nourished by a mother monkey.

But, says the skeptic, you Christian people are always prating about the Holy Spirit. We are not disposed to believe in Myths; we must be able with one of our five senses to know what we are about; and we don't believe in such abstract nonsense. And unless we have some evidence that is substantial, we will not believe—we must be shown conclusively.

Alright, you pick up a stone, and cast it out into space. Does it move on forever in a straight line? No, it swerves and comes quickly back to earth. Why does it do this? Why does it not move on in a straight line forever? Ah! Gravity, you say; the law of gravity. How do you know it is the law of gravity? Can you see it, or in any way detect it with any one of the five senses? Get out your microscope; examine the stone carefully, and the dent in the ground where it fell. Can you detect the law of gravity? Oh! We can see the effects of it. Yes, you believe, because you can see the effects of it.

Away out there in space is the silver moon; hurtling along in its orbit, at tremendous velocity, around the earth as a center; and there is the earth in its orbit, hurling along through space at almost incredible velocity, carrying the moon with it, going round the sun as a center, and there's the sun itself, with its retinue of planets, in its orbit, and all

the other suns or stars, in their orbits, hurling along through space, with almost inconceivable velocity, going around some grand center, not yet determined. What keeps them in their orbit? What holds them there? Ah! Gravitation, you say, the grand law of gravitation. Every particle of matter in the universe, attracts every other particle of matter in the universe, etc. Well, how do you know that it is the law of gravitation? Get out your telescope, look up there in that starry heaven. Can you see that gravitation? Can you discern it with any one of the five senses? Oh! We can see the effect of it, you say. Yes, you believe in gravitation because you can see the effects of it. Well, I believe in the Holy Spirit, because I can see the effects of him. I saw and felt the effects of the Holy Spirit when father was praying there at the family altar. I saw and felt the effects of the Holy Spirit when in his dying moments, he pointed his children away towards Heaven. You see and feel the effects of the Holy Spirit, when you stand over the bedside of a poor suffering mortal, that has lain there for days, and months, and even years, perfectly resigned to the will of the Father, suffering without complaining. You see and feel the effects of the Holy Spirit, when that poor suffering mortal comes down to the deep turbid river, so much dreaded by many. As he begins to feel of the waters, you bend over him and say: Are the waters chilly? The answer comes back:

No. The waters are not chilly. And with a sweet complacent smile, he closes his eyes, and passes over. You see, and feel, the effects of the Holy Spirit then, and there, and yet you will not believe.

Hold up, says the skeptic, there is something yet. We are ready, and willing, to admit that there is some kind of a Supreme power, a Creator; for it is evident that the creation is the work of one Supreme being. One who has planned it all. But that Jesus story. That is silly, foolish, and besides, it has the smack of illegitimacy. Besides, the witnesses who have given the account of his birth, life, death, and resurrection, do not corroborate each other. Their evidence is conflicting, and so full of contradictions that it would not be countenanced in any court in the land, so says Col. Ingersol, in his book, *The Bible vs. the Bible*. Alright, Mr. Infidel, if this be true, we will discard their testimony and burn our Bible. For if Jesus was divine, he should be able to gather about him followers, who could give the truth, and tell it straight; and a failure to do so, is conclusive proof that Jesus of Nazareth is not divine, and therefore not risen from the dead. We further agree with you, Mr. Infidel, that the Bible having come down through the many centuries, is no excuse for these contradictions. For the Son of God who could start a record, should be able to keep that record straight. And if that record is not as straight as the shortest distance between two points,

we will agree with you, Mr. Infidel, to cook our next meal with that book. But before consigning our Bible to the flames, even though Col. Ingersol is recognized as the greatest religious thinker of the age, I claim the right to carefully examine, and investigate those records for myself individually. And furthermore as the resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth is the vital issue, I will confine my investigation to that one point. For if Jesus of Nazareth be not risen from the dead, then I will not arise from the dead. But if Jesus of Nazareth be risen from the dead, then will I arise from the dead, and I desire to know the true status of the matter, for I may have an immortal soul at stake.

So infidel, you may come forward now, and in your book, the Bible vs. the Bible, point out those several contradictions concerning the resurrection, which you say are untenable, and would prove to any sane man, that the whole fabric is a farce.

Alright, you say here that some of the witnesses testify, that Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre while it was yet dark; and other witnesses testify, she came to the sepulchre, at the rising of the sun. Which you say is a condition, that could not exist, either with, or without a miracle, and is absurd.

You further state, that some of the witnesses testify, that she was alone, and other witnesses testify, that two other women were with her, a flat contradiction. You further state that some of the wit-

nesses testify, that these women fled away from the sepulchre and told the apostles, that Jesus was risen from the dead; and that they had seen, and talked with him. But that other witnesses testify that these women fled away from the sepulchre, and told the apostles, that some one had taken the body of Jesus away, and they knew not where they had laid him, an absurd contradiction.

You further state that some of the witnesses testify that Peter ran down to the sepulchre and went into it, that others testify he just looked into the sepulchre, which is a contradiction untenable. Too bad, infidel; too bad. I did so hope we would find the record pure.

But before we make a final decision, let us search diligently; for eternal life is now at stake.

Laying aside your book, *The Bible vs. the Bible* we take up the Bible itself, and try out the witnesses.

First, John Zebedee comes onto the witness stand, and testifies, that early in the morning, the first day of the week, Mary Magdalene came to the sepulchre, while it was yet dark; that the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre; that she fled away from the sepulchre for help; that she cometh to himself and Peter, and said: They have taken away the body of the Lord out of the sepulchre, and we know not where they have laid him. Though she was alone on her errand for help, the

word, we, proves she was not alone on her mission to the sepulchre, that others were with her there.

John further testifies that he and Peter ran to the sepulchre; that he did out run Peter and came to the sepulchre first, but went not into the sepulchre; that when Peter came, he, Peter, went into the sepulchre; that after Peter went in, he, John, went in also; that they saw nothing but the clothes lying there; after which he and Peter went away to their homes, and left Mary Magdalene outside weeping. This proves that Mary Magdalene had returned to the sepulchre; and judging from the distance she had traveled, it must have been about the rising of the sun. But further, John Zebedee testifies not. We will now put John Mark on the witness stand. Which witness testifies, not in substance, but positively that there were three women who came to the sepulchre. Besides Mary Magdalene, another Mary, and Salome Zebedee, the mother of John Zebedee, which would account for the fact that John Zebedee did not mention her name, as he and Jesus neither, did much bragging about what their mother did. John Mark further testifies that these women came up to the sepulchre, and it was at the rising of the sun, that they saw an angel who said to them: Ye seek Jesus, he is not here; but go your way, and tell his disciples he goeth before you into Galilee; that they fled away from the sepulchre, not for help as at first, but to

carry the news to the disciples. That on their way Jesus himself appeared, first to Mary Magdalene, and then to the other women.

Absolutely no contradiction whatever between the testimony of John Zebedee and John Mark. The latter merely taking up the story where the former left off.

Matthew Levi, ex-tax-collector, takes the stand, and except that he does not mention the name of John Zebedee's mother, his testimony is identical with that of John Mark, perfect corroboration in every particular.

Dr. Luke takes the witness stand. He too, begins the story where John Zebedee left off, and his testimony, except that he does not mention the name of either of the women who came to the sepulchre, is identical with John Mark and Matthew Levi. But mentions the names of several women who went to tell the disciples that Jesus was risen from the dead, stating that Peter went down to the sepulchre and looked in; adding in his testimony that the disciples regarded the words of these women as idle tales, just as most men do this day and time. So infidel, we see, and know positively, that instead of the testimony of these four witnesses being a fabric of contradictions, untenable, that they are in perfect accord in every detail, in every particular.

We know that in all the courts of our land that there is no testimony of four witnesses on record

that corroborates each other more exactly than does the evidence of these four witnesses, as laid down in the Bible.

And now, infidel, you have written a book called: The Bible vs. the Bible, in which you proclaim these contradictions, and that book has been published and translated into practically every known language on earth, and has been read by thousands, yes, millions of unthinking men and women, and precious boys and girls; who knowing you to be one of the greatest thinkers the world has ever known, have trusted in you and depended on you to get it correct.

Too bad, infidel, too bad, that you did not search more diligently; or if you did search diligently, that you should be looking for the contradictions, and not for the truth.

Too bad, infidel, too bad, that you have passed from earth into eternity, and have not now the opportunity of correcting this fateful error; even though all through your life you expressed a wish, even a prayer that you would be rational up to your dying moment, so that you might be able to prove to the world whether or not you could die by the religion you had lived. Your prayer that you would be rational up to your last moment was granted, but you died suddenly; not even a gurgle.

Too bad, infidel, too bad, that you had no opportunity to recant. Too bad that death should come

to you so suddenly and unexpectedly. But I will promise you this, infidel, having been one who in my youth read and tried to believe your teachings, that I will have this plain and simple correction of your errors published and translated into every language and sent into every land where your works have gone. Though your works have many years the start of me, God being my helper, I will do all in my power to correct the evil.

Hold up, says the skeptic. Is it not foolish, silly, and unreasonable to accept a doctrine or religion that makes a pauper or a beggar of one? A religion that may bring one to poverty? In answer, I will say that unless you are willing and ready to suffer persecutions and all manner of evil, for the sake of Jesus of Nazareth, you are by no means ready.

Hold up, says another, that story of the cross. Is it reasonable, or plausible, or just that one should suffer and die for the sins of another, as the Christian religion teaches us that Jesus of Nazareth did? Please explain the story of the cross.

The cross, the stumbling block to all the world. Why the need of the cross? The infidel, the skeptic, the heathen, the Jew, and disbeliever in every phase of life, stumble here. Why the cross? And why should I need to carry it? This the last question, can it be answered? If so, the battle is won. For those who believe in the cross, will believe in Him who died on the cross, and those who believe on Him shall have eternal life.

For an answer to this, the all important question, I appealed to my precious sister, who answers in the following words:

Dear Brother: The only answer that I can give to the question, why the cross? And why the need of it? is this: That Christ may be held up in easy view to a sin-sick and suffering world, a dying people. We have all been bitten by the fiery serpent of sin. Christ became sin for us. He who knew no sin, was lifted up to the view of a sin-cursed world, and died upon the cross, as God's remedy, that is, God's own appropriate remedy, His own and only cure, that whosoever looketh upon Him, might be saved from their sins and have eternal life. If any one will come after Christ, deny himself, take up his cross, and follow Him, that one will still be holding up the cross of the crucified one, and will still be holding up the Saviour of lost humanity to a dying world as their substitute, as the only means of their reconciliation to God. It is God's way and the only way by which we may have eternal life.

Your Sister.

Who could refuse to believe this beautiful story of the cross? And who could refuse to accept Him, who died thereon, as their Lord and Redeemer?

WHEN THE DEVIL PUSHES

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the Author.*

LESSON XV.

Once in my travels, I rode on a railway train, that they said of it, that it carried three classes of passengers, first-class, second-class, and third-class passengers. The first-class passengers rode all the way; the second-class passengers, when they came to the hard pull, got off and walked; and the third-class passengers got off and pushed.

Now this was not the _____ Railroad either, for that railroad has been built since I took that ride.

Well, we rather believe that neither of these three classes of passengers would enjoy this kind of travel, not even the first-class passengers.

But just now, we are thinking of a certain character that we really believe enjoys being a third-class passenger. One who delights on certain occasions to get off and push. The Devil is this character.

However, the Devil very much prefers to ride all the way. And it is only when things are not going on to suit him that he chooses to get off and push. And we must know that when the Devil rides, he rides for all it is worth. He will put all his weight upon that train, and even put a stop to it, if possible. On failure to stop it, he gets off, and pushes for dear life.

Now, it is the purpose of this lecture to notice on what occasions the Devil chooses to become a third-class passenger.

The Devil riding on the labor train.

Now, the labor problem of today is one of the greatest problems assigned to mankind for solution.

It is probably occupying more thought in the mind of man today than any other issue. And it is needless to say that the Devil will do whatsoever he can, pro and con, to help the business along. By either riding or pushing.

But in this lecture we shall notice only the lighter phase of manual labor.

Now, it appears from the Bible either the way we read it, or the way we interpret it, that there is a discrepancy.

Many of us believe had it not been for the transgressions of our foreparents that we would not have to earn our bread by the sweat of our brow. That all we would have to do would be to sit complacently

under our own vine and fig tree and pluck the luscious fruit therefrom. And that, too, without toil or labor.

But reading more closely, we note that even before the transgression, man was placed in the garden to till the soil. God had planted the garden alright, and had brought it into bearing alright, but it seems that he now turns it over to Adam to cultivate. God entrusts Adam thenceforth with the care of that garden.

And we have no evidence whatever that Adam in any way was falling down on the work that the Lord had assigned him to do. Or that he was, in any way, letting that beautiful garden of Eden go to rack. None whatever.

But just here is where the Devil steps in. He can't stop that train. Adam is going on with that business. So instead of trying longer to stop that train, the Devil gets off and pushes. Which he does by assisting Adam and Eve to get more wisdom. To become wise like the gods.

But these are occurrences of the past. They cannot now be rescinded. So, we will turn our attention to present day activities and occurrences.

That spirit of energy and industry manifested in Adam is clearly noticed in his descendants. And though his descendants, in addition to the honest toil and labor assigned to Adam, have also the

thorns and the thistles; and yet though pierced and stung with these, they go on with the train, and it is here that the Devil gets off and pushes.

He can't stop the labor train. So he pushes up the passengers. He quotes the Scripture, Go to the ant thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise. Now if the Devil would only quote that Scripture to the sluggard, it would be O. K. but the sluggard is not on that train.

So he quotes it to the farmer, or the business man, already worn out with toil and care, his health giving away under the strain of incessant manual labor.

Now, the Devil knows better than most human beings know that there is a limit to human endurance; that the physical makeup of the human body can be wrecked and destroyed by overloading, just as much so as can a wagon or other vehicle.

So, the Devil by encouraging whispers, by pushing him up in his already industrious habits, gets him to destroy his body, his only body, by overexertion at hard labor on the farm. Or by too close and attentive application to his business. And thus brings him down to an untimely grave. And thereby takes him away from his family, from his children, who so much need his protection and care, his counsel and advice.

In this, the Devil has been well paid for his pushing, for he has ended just so much happiness, and that is his business.

The Devil riding on the gospel train.

Now, if there is any train that the Devil would like to stop and put out of business, it is the gospel train.

The Devil reads the Bible. He studies it closely. He can quote more Scripture than any preacher in the pulpit. And he quotes it correctly, too. I have never noticed an instance where the Devil misquoted a passage of Scripture to any one. Even Jesus of Nazareth recognized the Devil's ability to quote Scripture correctly.

Now, the Devil has read in the Bible where it says: The gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation. And the Devil does not like that statement a little bit. If he could only stop that gospel train which carries that message, he would be willing to let all other trains move onward.

Therefore, we will find him trying in every conceivable way to ride down that train. He disheartens the passengers, those who are carrying the glad tidings.

The worker at home and abroad; the missionaries in foreign lands, on the land and on the sea, have all kinds of obstacles and obstructions thrown in their way.

They have suffering and sorrow; trials and tribulations; from the humblest to the greatest. Yet the gospel train moves on.

The Devil failing to stop the train, never loses sight of an opportunity to do some pushing.

He pushes up some to worship the shadow instead of the substance. He pushes up some to the rank-est fanaticism. He makes them believe that they are giving their all for God, when they are the dupes of the Devil. He pushes up some one of the religious denominations over the downfall of another. He's pushing, pushing.

He sometimes pushes up the big church in the city to the great detriment of the small, weak churches out in the suburbs. He pushes up a great degree of bickering, strife, and antagonism between the different religious denominations, though they are each laboring for the same grand cause, that of bringing lost souls into the kingdom. He gets them to cut each other's throats at his bidding. They fall a victim to the Devil's pushing.

In the foregoing statements, in just as few words as possible, I have endeavored to make clear the fact that the Devil works in a two fold manner, that is, he will work either for or against God's people as it best suits his infamous purpose.

He will drag them down, or boost them up, as he sees will be to his final advantage and slimy interests.

We have already mentioned where he assisted Adam and Eve to get more knowledge and wisdom which proved their undoing.

Again, we find him trying to assist Jesus of Nazareth to get more strength of body by showing him

how to provide bread to eat. Also, how he could at once gain fame and notoriety by casting himself from the pinnacle of the temple in the presence of that concourse of people.

Now if the Devil would offer to assist Jesus of Nazareth in carrying out his mission, most assuredly he will offer us assistance and in many different ways, too, to carry out our mission. And he will assist us, too, even before we perceive it, as he did Adam and Eve, to our injury.

I must tell you just here that many times I have found it exceedingly difficult to tell whether it was God whispered to me or the Devil whispered to me, when I was told to do this thing or that thing.

The Devil was once a great angel. He lost his place in Heaven. But he has not yet lost his angelic voice. And in that angelic voice he will whisper us to our injury.

The only safe way out of it is through constant vigilance and prayer to God for guidance.

Statements in God's word have a meaning. This we must know. Such statements as: Be not overzealous; give God your reasonable service, and other such statements, mean just what they say.

God asks for and expects our reasonable service, and no more, either physically or spiritually. And whenever we attempt to give Him more than he demands and tells us plainly he does not desire, we are not in accord with his teachings; and it will prove to our hurt and injury. It's the Devil pushing.

Again, we must depend upon a higher power for guidance and assistance in this matter.

I remember once seeing a picture that interested me very much. It was the picture of an enormous rock, but in the image of a man; and it had on it this inscription, The Rock of Ages.

The Devil comes along and seeing the Rock of Ages there had seized a prize pole and was exerting every effort to overthrow the Rock of Ages. A two-by-four Christian, seeing the Devil trying to overthrow it, had thrown down his tools, seized him a prize pole also, and on the opposite side from the Devil, was putting forth every energy in his mortal body to prevent the Devil from overthrowing the Rock of Ages.

I leave you just here to draw a lot of conclusions.

The Devil riding humanity's train.

We come now to speak of a very peculiar phase of this question; and one that I have very much dreaded to discuss. But in the past this has been very perplexing to me. Just why such things have happened to happen.

And knowing, too, that these statements will go into print, and will be read by thousands of people, I therefore feel it to be my duty to make mention of these things.

As it is in other instances in which the Devil is found pushing, it has for its basis a Bible quotation, which is this: Be fruitful and multiply, and replenish the earth.

Now the Devil from the very beginning has looked upon the human race as intruders upon his domain. The earth is the only place in all the creation or universe where he has an influence, or an existence. He is omnipresent nowhere except on this earth.

For this reason he would gladly ride down the train of humanity; he would gladly crush the human race out of existence.

By his heinous plotting, and with one blow of the club, he succeeded in blotting out one-fourth of the world's population at one time.

As time went on, he so deluded and deceived humanity that he succeeded in getting all the human race destroyed except eight individuals.

By his infamous planning, scheming, and plotting, he has brought war after war upon the human race, until the blood that has been shed would fill a great river to overflowing.

Because of his infamous influence, millions of precious babes have been sent to premature death, an untimely grave. Sent there by cold blooded and heartless mothers, who are completely under his dominating influence.

Oh yes, when eternity shall dawn, and the judgment is set, and the earth and the sea shall give up their dead, and the dead, both small and great, shall stand before God in judgment, and those millions of

babes shall look upon those mothers who willfully destroyed them in their infancy, what a sight it will be.

Ah! Devil, you have accomplished some slimy work just here. But humanity's train moves on.

Yet, during all these years, the Devil never misses an opportunity to do some pushing, when he sees that it will work to his interest.

And it happens, he uses that Bible quotation: Be fruitful, and multiply, and replenish the earth. It is just this, that has brought about the perplexing conditions of humanity heretofore mentioned.

The Devil quoted this scripture: Be fruitful and multiply, to those old time people. To Abraham, to Jacob, to David, to Solomon, and to many others, it brought about polygamy, which has resulted, and always will result, in more harm than good. It's when the Devil pushes.

It is indeed a perplexing peculiarity that men, and men of God, too, would be found in such polygamous conditions as existed that day and time. But like we do this day and time, they fell a victim to the Devil's pushing.

Another peculiarity just here is this: the men were not alone in their overzealous actions. The women of that day and time overstepped the bounds of reason, and we find them in all kinds of plans and schemes to accomplish their purpose, that is, their desire to be a mother.

So much so, that one of them could look a judge squarely in the eye and swear positively that another mother's little live baby was her own baby, and that she had given it birth. So strange. And so reversed this day and time with many mothers.

Yet, we rather believe that those old time women and mothers will stand a better show in the judgment morning than will those of their sex, who, this day and time, have as their highest ambition and desire, to own a husband and another poodle dog, and have a high-heel time.

Well, summoning up the whole business in a nut shell; and as a closing remark, will say, that we readily see that the Devil is both for us and against us, and all at the same time, as the case may develop.

He will push us forward and pull us backward, and that, too, all at the same time.

What a strange Devil is this Devil of ours.

Now I thank you, and may God bless you, and protect you, and keep you from falling a victim to his wily, cunning schemes, intrigues and devices.

TABLE OF JACOB'S TWELVE SONS?

As They Walked With Him Here on Earth. Gen. ch. 35.

By Rachel	By Leah	By Bilhah	By Zilpah
Joseph	Reuben	Dan	Gad
Benjamin	Simeon	Naphtali	Asher
	Levi		
	Judah		
	Issachar		
	Zebulun		

TABLE OF JACOB'S TWELVE SONS?

As They Will Sit on Twelve Thrones. Rev. ch. 7.

By Rachel	By Leah	By Bilhah	By Zilpah
Joseph	Reuben	Naphtali	Gad
Benjamin	Simeon		Asher
Manasseh	Levi		
	Judah		
	Issachar		
	Zebulun		

From the above table it will be seen that there is a discrepancy, Dan being left out in the second table.

Just why Dan does not appear as one of Jacob's sons in the spiritual inheritance is not clear to me, unless it be because of illegitimacy.

I believe the 22nd verse of the 35th ch. of Gen. gives us the explanation. Now, that is, after this, the sons of Jacob were twelve.

Ephraim and Manasseh, were Joseph's sons, and were adopted by Jacob as his sons.

The names Joseph and Ephraim are used interchangeably, Ephraim being Joseph's oldest son.

Table arranged by A. J. Edwards.

TABLE SHOWING THREE DIFFERENT BIBLE FAMILIES.

Parents—	Children—
Joseph Thaddaeus	James
Mary Thaddaeus	Joses
	Simon
	*Judas
	Sisters
	Jesus
Parents—	Children—
..... Zebedee	*James
Salome Zebedee	*John
Parents—	Children—
Alphaeus Cleophas	*James
Mary Cleophas	Joses
The *indicates an apostle.	

From the above table we see that there are three Jameses.

1. James Thaddaeus, spoken of as the brother of the Lord. Also as the brother of Judas, not Iscariot. This James wrote the book of James.

2. James Zebedee, whom Herod slew.

3. James Cleophas, one of the two, to whom Jesus appeared while on their way to Emmaus.

Judas, not Iscariot, called also Jude, or Lebbaeus, wrote the book of Jude. His surname was Thaddaeus.

Some commentators, in order to meet Catholicism, and disprove the virginity of Mary, the mother of Jesus, have fallen into the still greater error of claiming that Mary was the mother of all of Joseph's children. This cannot be true, as Judas, the youngest of the other sons, was one of the apostles, and, therefore, must have been older than Jesus.

Table arranged by A. J. Edwards.

ODE TO A THIMBLE

By A. J. Edwards.

Deep in my mind there ever lingers,
Sweet memories of the precious fingers;
Though marked with age, were yet so nimble,
They could use with skill this precious thimble.

Deep in my heart there is a sorrow,
Grief and anguish I need not borrow,
Bowed down with these, I can but tremble,
When I view with awe, this precious thimble,

Deep in my soul a calm reposes,
Flowers, nor links, nor rings, nor roses,
For patience and love, can not be the symbol
I find it here, 'tis this precious thimble.

ODE TO A LOCK OF HAIR

By A. J. Edwards

A lock of mama's hair, clipped from her brow so
fair;

Made gray with toil and care, FOR ME.

A lock of mama's hair, token of love to share;
Hallowed by constant prayer, FOR ME.

A lock of mama's hair, in the Holy City, fair;
She is waiting, and watching there, FOR ME.

PLEADING

By A. J. Edwards

Listen children, closely listen,
While I speak of a mother dear,
Oft I've seen the tear drops glisten,
When the death angel hovered near.

How she fought the dark grim reaper,
With her cares, her prayers, her tears;
And trusting in her Heavenly keeper,
She brought you safe through all those years.

Listen darlings, hear her pleading
Though her form in death lies cold,
Are you my precious precepts heeding?
Come walk with me, the streets of gold.

Listen loved ones, heed her warning,
Satan seeks your soul to slay,
Will you cling to him in the judgment morning
Or with dear mother walk that day?

MESSAGE SENT WITH FLOWERS

By A. J. Edwards.

Place the flowers neatly on the dear mother's
grave,

Sent in remembrance of flowers that she gave.
Drop a tear kindly for tears she has shed,
In days of deep sorrow, her loving heart bled.
Speak a word softly, that she may know,
We are patiently waiting, and ready to go.
Breathe a prayer sweetly to the Father on high,
That we may meet her, in the sweet bye and bye.

MY MOTHER'S SONG

By George Keith

How firm a foundation, ye saints of the Lord,
Is laid for your faith, in His excellent word.
What more can he say, than to you He hath said;
Ye, who unto Jesus for refuge hath fled.

Fear not, I am with thee; O be not dismayed.
For I am thy God, and will give thee aid.
I'll strengthen thee, help thee and cause thee to
stand.

Upheld by my righteous, omnipotent hand.

When through the deep waters I call thee to go,
The rivers of woe shall not thee overflow;
For I will be with thee, thy troubles to bless,
And sanctify to thee thy deepest distress.

When through fiery trials thy pathway shall lie,
My grace all sufficient shall be thy supply.
The flames shall not hurt thee—I only design;
Thy dross to consume, and thy gold to refine.

E'en down to old age, all my people shall prove,
My sovereign, eternal, unchangeable love;
And when hoary hairs shall their temples adorn,
Like lambs they shall still in my bosom be born.

The soul that on Jesus hath leaned for repose,
I will not, I will not, desert to his foes.
That soul though all hell should endeavor to shake;
I'll never, no never, no never, forsake.

MY FATHER'S SONG

By John Newton

Amazing grace how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me.
I once was lost, but now I'm found.
Was blind but now I see.

Through many dangers, toils and snares,
I have already come.
'Tis grace has brought me safe thus far;
And grace will lead me home.

The Lord has promised good to me;
His word my hope secures.
He will my shield and portion be,
As long as life endures.

Yes, when this heart, and flesh shall fail;
And mortal life shall cease.
I shall possess within the vail,
A life of joy and peace.

This earth shall soon dissolve like snow;
The sun forbear to shine;
But God who calls me here below,
Will be forever mine.

When we've been there ten thousand years,
Bright shining as the sun;
We've no less days to sing God's praise,
Than when we first begun.

SAD SCENES WHICH I HAVE SEEN

By A. J. Edwards

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the Author.*

LESSON XVI.

In this world where there is so much suffering, we become so accustomed to looking upon sad scenes that we are apt to pass them by as just ordinary or necessary occurrences.

We seldom walk around a city block without seeing some object of charity; a blind man, or a blind woman, or some one maimed for life; at least an object of pity, perhaps on the mercies of those who are more fortunate.

Some of these, as the blind fiddler, or the pencil peddler, are striving to earn a small pittance.

We see so much of this kind of misfortune that we merely pass it by with a comment.

I was in the insane asylum once—I mean that I was there as a visitor. The guide was kindly, showing us through that great institution. A group of women inmates were promenading on the

lawn. Others were sewing, crocheting, or doing different kinds of needle work. And the articles were artistic and beautiful, too. Some were painting or drawing, and the work that they were doing was remarkable. It was surprising. Four of the men inmates were playing domino; just having the time of their life. One big fat fellow when he could make a count would come down on the table with his domino with all his might and chuckle like an oil man would were he to strike a gusher.

It was rather sad, but amusing to watch them.

I once visited the old Confederate home and put in a whole day with the "boys" of that institution, unfortunate ones. Some with arms and no legs, and some with legs and no arms, and some with neither legs nor arms scarcely. All kinds of maimed and wrecked beings.

They seemed to be jovial; told jokes and spun yarns; and in other ways passed off the time.

One old fellow finding out that we were of the same name, desired to stay near me. He wanted to talk. And, of course, our conversation naturally turned to the immense wealth, the millions of dollars that awaited the heirs of the Edwards estate just as soon as the courts could get to the case to settle it. Also our great-great-grandfather, Johnathan Edwards, who, in those early days stirred the world religiously, with his matchless eloquence.

Well, had an ordinary man heard our conversation, he might have thought that we had been placed in the wrong institution. Poor old boys. Dear old boys. That awful war.

But it had to come sooner or later, so that the sons of the Northland and the sons of the Southland might find out that they were brothers. And the sooner it came the better for all.

I once visited the blind asylum; the poor unfortunate ones from whom the light of day had been taken away forever.

I watched those unfortunate inmates at their labor. They were making articles and utensils of various kinds. And it was remarkable the kind of work that they were doing. Why, some of them were making things that I could not have made, if I'd had four eyes.

Two young girls, about grown, were promenading on the upper balcony; walking back and forth, leading each other. It was a case of the blind leading the blind. But I don't think they fell into the ditch, for they were singing the song,

I can walk and talk with Jesus
Though I cannot see his face.
I can feel his smile upon me,
Near in every time and place.

I thought this. Sweet girls, we who have eyes haven't much the advantage of you after all."

I chanced to be in the court room one day. Court was not in session, but while I was in the room, the

officers came in with a prisoner. The prisoner was a woman, and an exceedingly beautiful woman she was; the very picture of health. She was probably twenty years of age. Following along behind them was her young husband, carrying in his arms a little babe, probably six months old.

At first I didn't know what was the trouble, but while the court was getting ready to try the case, the woman began to sing. Not songs, nor sentences, but words. I knew at once that the woman had lost her mind.

Now you must know that insane people must be tried in the courts and condemned, as criminals are, before they can be sent to the asylum.

So when court was ready, and the prosecuting attorney began by saying that she was to be tried for insanity, the woman sprang to her feet and said: You say that I am insane and I'll slap the face off of you. They got her quiet, and the trial lasted about thirty seconds. The shortest trial I ever witnessed.

The officer led her away. The young husband, with tears in his eyes, and with the little babe, which had been cooing and looking on interestedly, in his arms, followed along after them.

That is a sad scene which I have not forgotten.

I once lived about sixteen miles from the county seat of our county, and I had set a day on which I intended to go to town.

On the day previous a neighbor, who was a renter, came over and asked if he could go along on the

wagon with me. I told him he could and to be ready the next morning; I would be by after him. He lived about two miles on my road to town.

I drove by the next morning. He came out with a jar of butter, his wife following him with a basket of eggs. They placed them in the wagon, and he got up in the seat with me. His wife handed him a slip of paper with things written on it for him to get with the eggs and the butter. I noticed shoes and sugar and some other items on the slip of paper.

Arriving at town I drove into the wagon yard. He got off the wagon remarking: I've just got to have some stimulus. He went across to a nearby saloon, and in about a half an hour he returned with a bottle of whiskey. I drank a little of it, and he drank a little more of it, and we went about our business.

About dark I hunted him up at one of the saloons, and he was quite drunk. We took in the town for an hour or two, and at last we got over to a house; such houses as are not run this day and time in the wide open. We were on the walk in front of the house, and he got into a row with a big ruffian that was drinking also. The fellow struck him in the eye, knocked him off the walk out into the mud, jumped onto him, and was churning his head up and down in the mud. I sprang out there and shouted: Get off that man or I'll shoot you. This was a

bluff as I didn't have a pistol. But the fellow jumped up, ran into the house, and he must have hid, as I didn't see anything more of him.

I got my friend to the wagon yard, and off to bed. During the night he vomited considerable on the pallet, but we made it through till morning.

Next morning we had everything in readiness to start for home. I noticed that he had bought nothing to take back. I said to him: Have you got everything you want to get? The things your wife sent for? All the money I have, he replied.

On reaching his home I drove out by the gate. His wife, followed by the little children, came out to help carry in the things.

She was a delicate, pale little woman, but she was smiling. She walked right up to the wagon, and looked over into it for the articles. Seeing nothing but the empty jar and basket, and noticing his muddy clothes, she picked up the basket. She was still smiling, but I saw tears in her eyes, and her lips were quivering.

That was a sad scene which I have not forgotten.

Just as I dismissed my school one evening, there came a message to me stating that a neighbor was dying, and to come immediately and help them.

The dying man was old, very wealthy, and an infidel, but a splendid good neighbor and citizen. I hastened over there, and found his daughter and one of the neighbors struggling to hold the dying man on the bed.

He couldn't speak so that we could understand him. But he was trying to tell us something. His lips were jerking and twitching, as he would look at first one of us, and then the other, trying to get us to understand him. His eyes were dazzling and ghastly, and such an unearthly look, as he kept on struggling. After two or three hours of demoniacal struggling, such as I never saw before, and pray to God I never will see again, his strength failed him; he sank back on the bed; the blood rushed to his face, and he passed over.

That was a sad scene which I have not forgotten.

A covenant which Jonathan Edwards drew up in A. D. 1734.

The people present themselves before the Lord, to renounce their evil ways and to put away their abominations from before His eyes. They solemnly promise and vow before the Lord, in all their concerns with their neighbor, to have a strict regard to the rules of honesty, justice and uprightness; not to overreach or defraud him in any matter, or, either wilfully or through want of care, to injure him in any of his possessions or rights; and to have a tender respect, not only to their own interests, but to his; and particularly never to give him cause of offence by wilfully or negligently forbearing to pay their just debts; wherever they may be conscious of having in the past wronged their neighbor

in his outward estate, never to rest till they have made restitution which the rules of moral equity require.

They promise to avoid all backbiting, evilspeaking, and slandering as also everything that feeds a spirit of bitterness or ill-will or secret grudge; not to ridicule a neighbor's failings, or needlessly insist on his faults; to do nothing in a spirit of revenge.

And further, they will not allow their private interest or honor, or the desire for victory against a contrary party, to lead them into any course of which their consciences would reproach them as hurtful to religion or the interests of Christ's kingdom; and particularly, in public affairs, not to allow the interests of party or the desire of wordly ambition to lead them counter to the interests of true religion.

Those who are young promise to allow themselves no diversions or pastimes, meetings or companies, which would hinder a devout spirit engaged in religion, to avoid everything that tends to lasciviousness and which they believe will not be approved by the infinitely pure and holy eye of God.

They finally consecrate themselves to perform with great watchfulness the duties entailed by family relationships, whether parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and sisters, masters, mistresses, and servants.

Johnathan Edwards' last words were: Trust in God, and ye need not fear.

EXPERIENCE

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the author.*

LESSON XVII.

It has been said that experience is a dear teacher. But we have the pleasure of knowing that whatever is learned in the school of experience is not soon forgotten.

Again, it is said of man, that he cannot see ahead of him as he can see behind him.

Knowing these statements to be true, we readily see how very important it is that man should watch closely the experiences of those who have gone on before. And from those experiences, get a knowledge that will carry him over the same treacherous ground when he comes to tread upon it.

Now, it is well that we know that these statements apply to the individual, the family, the community, to the state, and also to the nation.

Profit sharing from the former experiences of others, in all these factors of civilization, is easily within our grasping.

In the centuries gone by, nations have arisen to the zenith of their glory, exercising dominion over all known lands and countries, completely controlling the affairs of the earth. And at the same time these nations were heathen and idolatrous people, who knew not, nor worshiped not the true and living God. Yet they arose to a dignity of power and glory almost unbelievable.

Of such were the mighty nations of Babylon, Persia, Greece, and Rome.

The question naturally arises. How did these nations attain to such eminence? And that, too, without any knowledge of a true and living God.

Now, if we follow closely the onward march of these great nations, that just as soon as God's people came among them, or in contact with them, they began to decline, and soon went to dissolution.

Both profane history and Bible history bear out this statement. That is just on the advent of the true religion, as taught by the people of God; these mighty nations failed. And as if to further increase the perplexity, they invariably went down before another heathen or idolatrous nation. Was it the fault of the divine religion? No.

Can we assign a reason? Yes, it is this. Those heathen nations in all their pomp and glory, refused to accept the divine religion as offered them by the chosen people of God, who were sent among them.

God blessed those nations, brought them up to their exalted position, then he sent among them his chosen people to teach them the way of righteousness, of correct living, which they rejected to their woeful undoing.

These past experiences of ill fated nations are now before us. And as it is with nations, so it is with the state, the family, and other factors of humanity.

EXPERIENCE IN TITHING

Following up the trend of this subject we would come to the question of tithing. What does God expect us to give him out of our substance? How, when, and what part of it should we give to the Lord? And what is the experience of those who practice tithing?

Now I have heard the statement made, that the happiest moment of a woman's life was when she could say to her husband, I told you so. Well, I don't believe that statement. But I do believe that one of the happiest moments that come to some men, is when they can say to their neighbor, I beg leave to differ with you; or, I will have to take issue with you. Ah! a chance for an argument is their supreme moment.

Well, I suppose my chance for an argument has come. For I will have to take issue with some of my friends on the tithing question.

Just here I desire to be perfectly understood, for we are on an exceedingly important subject.

As an explanation I will give some of my own experiences.

A good many years ago, the farmers in that section had made an enormous yield of oats that year, and had received a splendid price also. So I decided to farm on an extensive scale the next year. That is, I would plant one hundred acres of oats.

I had been attending church some, and had heard a good deal said about giving a tenth to the Lord, and how the Lord blessed those who gave the tenth of their substance to his cause. So I made a trade with the Lord that I would give him a tenth of that one hundred acres of oats, or ten acres of the crop.

I figured it out this way. That I would make eighty bushels per acre, or six thousand dollars worth of oats, at the price they were then selling. Something over five thousand dollars to be my part.

I sowed the oats, got a splendid stand, just the prettiest prospect. I began to believe that I might make a hundred bushels per acre as some of the neighbors had done the year before.

But one night there bore down on that country a belated blizzard, and killed every sprig of my oat crop. I didn't make a bushel.

I don't know just how the Lord got along without his tenth. I know that it sure went hard with me to lose my part of the crop.

Just a few years later I was at a church convention. The delegates were discussing the subject of tithing.

One of the delegates in his talk, made this statement: Brethren, I have sowed one hundred acres in wheat, and I have pledged the Lord one tenth of all that crop makes, and you will see that I will make wheat, too.

I thought this: Brother, you may stump your toe on the same grub on which I stumped mine.

That was the dryest fall and winter we had experienced, and wheat scarcely made a thing, his crop, nor any of the rest of the farms.

You ask me: Did our vows or pledges have anything to do with the yield of the crops, or of the seasons? None whatever. That blizzard, and that drouth, would have come just that way, had neither of us ever been born.

I got this lesson out of my experience, that the Lord cannot be bought. He is not for sale.

Had I made the pledge, and sowed that crop of oats the year previous, I might today be depending on a tenth to put me over, when I should be placing the whole of it at the Lord's disposal.

You ask me, Is it right to pledge a tenth of our income to the Lord's cause? Yes. Provided it is done in the right spirit.

Pledging to the Lord and praying to the Lord are exactly alike.

There is a statement in that book which says: Ye ask, and receive not because ye ask amiss, that ye may consume it upon your lusts. Just on this same principle, you pledge and pay a tenth, or any other amount as to that, expecting to reap a reward in dollars and cents for your own lusts or greed, and you fail, and blame the Lord for the failure.

That individual who pledges or gives to the Lord a tenth, or any other amount, and who, at the same time, in his heart, is holding the Lord responsible to return him a great increase in earthly treasures, is a failure.

Now the Devil might pick him up and go on up with him, but that would leave him worse off in the windup.

However, I will mention just here, that no individual will ever give one penny to the Lord's cause, that the Lord will not return that gift to him with a fair rate of interest, no odds what the giver's hopes and expectations may be.

But the cheerful giver, that one who says: Here Lord, I pledge you one tenth of all my income. I pledge you that much, and I will pay it, too. And now, dear Lord if you wish to return this to me in earthly treasures, I will use them as best you teach me to your honor and glory.

But dear Lord, if you see that it is to my best interest to give me treasures in Heaven, I will the more willingly accept them there, for treasures there fade not away.

And now dear Lord, if this one tenth is not as much as I should give you, only teach me and I will give you more, even to the last mite, or to the last handful of meal; for it is thine already.

Experiences in the separation of church and fate.

Now don't think that the printers have it wrong; that it should read church and state. Fate is the right word, as I expect to consider this subject individually, and not collectively.

Of course, experience in the separation of church and state, is one of the greatest of themes, and the untold suffering and the blood that has been shed by misguided nations, in their efforts to combine the two, is heart rending and appalling.

But what of it individually? In that book, we have this question written: What is man, that thou art mindful of him?

To put it in our own language, What is an individual?

To get at an explanation of my purpose, I shall mention this little incident.

When I was a lad my older brother took me to town with him one day. While there brother got caught on the jury and I had the privilege of spending my first day inside the court room.

The case was of a fellow who was accused of stealing a pair of cuff buttons, and sixty dollars from his roommate's trunk.

It seemed that the witnesses could swear to the cuff buttons, but couldn't swear to the money. Now on the jury with brother and the others, was one darkey.

After the witnesses were through, the lawyers each made an enormous speech. I shall never forget how that prisoner looked, as those lawyers were discussing him, pro and con.

I think he was like the darkey I read of once.

The darkey was accused of stealing, and had stood his trial and the lawyers had each made a great speech in the case. After it was all over, someone asked the darkey how he liked the lawyers' speeches. He said: When dat lawyer what 'fended me was up dar talking, I jes thought I was de honestest nigger in all de world. But I tells ye, when dat lawyer what 'fended the state got up dar to talk, befo' he got halfway through, I jes knowed dis nigger would steal.

I think that was just about the way that prisoner felt about himself that day, when those lawyers were discussing him.

But after the speeches were over, and the jury had gone out to the jury room, the darkey that was on the jury said to the other jurors: Now gentlemen you jes decide it, and I be wi' ye.

Now the question arises: Was that case settled individually, or collectively?

What is the experience of the individual in his relationship to the church? And what awaits him, when joined to, or separated from the church?

I refer here to the church in its broadest sense.

However, just a word in reference to the church in its restricted meaning, would be in place here.

We hear certain ones speak of joining the church; going to church, etc. Now what is the duty of a man in regard to the church as referred to here?

For explanation, we will draw an illustration. Volunteers are needed for the army. A pressing call for volunteers.

Here is one who desires to enlist and fight for his country. But he says to the recruiting officer: I will not put on the uniform. It takes up time, and it is cumbersome. Besides, I do not know just which division of the army I wish to join. And I can fight just as well without the uniform.

The recruiting officer reasons with him that the uniform is a symbol of unity; portrays dignity; and represents clearly to the world the soldier's position and place in the army.

Exactly so, with that individual who would volunteer his services for his Lord and Master. But refuses to don the regalia that denotes his place in the army of the Lord.

There are those who say that they can live just as well outside the church; that they can do just as much for the Master outside the church; that

it is too costly; and besides there are hypocrites in the church. Such as these are under the influence of Satan's anaesthetic.

We turn now to the church in its broadest meaning. The church our blest Redeemer bought with his own precious blood.

Just here I will insert a few Bible paradoxes for a close consideration.

1. I have not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging bread.—And there was a certain beggar named Lazarus, which was laid at the rich man's gate, full of sores.

2. Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise.—Take no thought for your life; what ye shall eat, or what ye shall put on.

3. The wicked shall not inhabit the earth.—I have seen the wicked in great power; and spreading himself like a green bay tree.

We could mention many more of these peculiar statements. Apparently there is a great mixup, in the various conditions, or fate of both saint and sinner. And we might be led to conclude that it is all a matter of chance, anyway.

I will quote one more passage, which is this: And Judas went away and hanged himself.—Go and do thou likewise.

But you say: You didn't read the intervening lines. Exactly so, in those other paradoxes. Those who do not really understand them have not searched diligently the intervening lines.

We have seen the wicked, the wretched poor, both man and woman, down in the gutter, beastly drunk; not sufficient rags to cover their body, thieving murderous creatures, who for a paltry dollar would shed the blood of their fellow mortal.

We have seen the wicked, the wretched poor, both man and woman, down and out, struggling, and toiling for an honest living. The man facing the cold, braving the storm, enduring the heat, as he toils on at his business, trying to provide sustenance for his ragged, hungry family. The woman, with tired limbs, and aching back, as she bends over the wash tub, struggling to earn a paltry portion, with which to feed her hungry children. Zealously guarding, so that none may take it, her priceless piece of silver.

We have seen the wicked, both man and woman, in pomp and splendor all wealth and luxury at their command, yet watching stealthily for some one whom they may victimize, or defraud out of their substance, and appropriate it to their own lusts and greed.

We have seen the wicked, both man and woman, in pomp and splendor, all wealth and luxury at their command, yet watching closely for some poor mortal, whom they may help, or to whom they may give assistance.

We have seen the righteous, both man and woman, in abject poverty, children in rags and starving, no home, no comforts nor luxuries of life. Yet they cling closely to the cross of Christ.

We have seen the righteous, both man and woman, in happy homes, surrounded by every luxury that heart could wish, yet clinging closely to the cross of Christ.

How can these things be? Does the God of Heaven, or Heaven itself, church or Christianity, have anything to do with the fate of mortals here below? What can the answer be?

From observation, and experience, we reason that there is at least a complete separation of church and fate.

Man's time on this earth is as a flash of the lightning, a break of the wave, as compared to the time he must spend in eternity.

And we deem it best to await God's own time to make all things plain. Some day we'll understand.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

By A. J. Edwards.

Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.

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LESSON XVIII.

Question.—Can a witch, or a medium, call up one from the dead to converse with one who is living?

Answer.—We know positively that such an occurrence did take place. It happened when the witch of Endor called up Samuel who was dead, to converse with Saul, who was living. How that witch of Endor did squall out, when she saw Samuel. She was not expecting him. And how Saul's knees did smite together, as Samuel stated the facts in the case to him.

Some individuals in order to meet spiritualism, claim that positive statements in the Bible concerning the conversation between Samuel and Saul are enigmatical, and do not mean what they say. This is as great an error as spiritualism; and just as capable of doing as much harm.

Question.—Who are the Sons of God?

Answer.—The Sons of God are Adam, and the descendants of Adam. The poor, wretched, lost beings of this earth, only, have the power to become the Sons of God. The meek and lowly Nazarene is not a brother to the angels of Heaven, nor to the sheep of other folds. But he is a brother to man; and man is a joint heir with him in those riches untold.

Question.—What do you consider Satan's greatest scheme to wreck humanity?

Answer.—Satan's greatest scheme to wreck humanity is to get the sons of God to believe, and teach to the world, an erroneous doctrine, in their effort to confute or disprove some other erroneous doctrine.

Question.—At what stage of existence does an infant become an immortal soul?

Answer.—The answer to this question, when positively known, will thrill many a mother's heart with joy. And it will chill many another mother's heart with remorse.

Jesus said: Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of Heaven. Positive proof that they were immortal souls at that stage of existence.

Earlier, David, as he stood with bleeding heart, over the pale lifeless corpse of that infant, brought to its untimely death because of his own heinous crime, said: I can go to him, but he cannot come to

me. Positive proof that the infant was a saved and an immortal soul; even though it had come to earth through criminal conduct.

Still earlier. There lived in Nazareth, in Galilee, a virgin, whose name was Mary, to whom an angel appeared, and said unto her, Behold thou shalt bring forth a son, and shall call his name Jesus. And behold, thy cousin Elizabeth, she has conceived in her old age, and this is the sixth month with her.

Then arose Mary and went with haste into a hill country of Judea, and saluted Elizabeth. And Elizabeth said unto Mary: For lo, as soon as thy salutation sounded in mine ears, the babe leaped in my womb for joy. John the Baptist was just as mortal and human as any other child born of earthly parents. And he was at this time an immortal, living soul.

Question.—How many different kinds of kingdoms are mentioned in the Bible.

Answer.—Four.

First. The kingdoms of men. Or such as are referred to in the statement, kingdom shall rise against kingdom. Or, the kingdoms that Satan showed Jesus from the high mountain.

Second. The kingdom of Satan. Scarcely a king, but a prince of darkness, of disobedience. Of whom Jesus said: For the prince of this world cometh, and he hath nothing in me.

Third. The kingdom of heaven. That kingdom which was to be set up in the days of these kings. That kingdom which was at hand, when John the

Baptist preached his first sermon. That kingdom that was like unto a mustard seed. That kingdom the keys of which Jesus gave his followers. That kingdom to which Paul referred when he said, Then cometh the end, when he shall have delivered up the kingdom to God, even to the Father.

Fourth. The kingdom of God. That kingdom which existed before the days of Daniel; before the fall of Adam; before the fall of Lucifer. That kingdom referred to in the statement, The Lord has prepared his throne in the heavens; his kingdom ruleth over all. Also, Thy kingdom is an everlasting kingdom; and thy dominion endureth throughout all generations.

The kingdom of heaven, and the kingdom of God, are used interchangeably, each being a part of the whole. Just as one state in the union and the union itself may be used interchangeably.

Question.—Did Joshua command the sun to stand still?

Answer.—Yes. Joshua commanded the sun to stand still, and the sun stood still. But we are told positively, that such a thing never happened before it, nor will ever happen after it, when the Lord will hearken to the voice of a man.

The sun can pull off some peculiar stunts. I, myself, have seen the sun stand still, and I have seen him fall. I have seen him rise, and I have seen him crawl on up into the heavens, until he was over-

head. And then I have seen him glide on down into the West and stop dead still, and after a while fall.

You don't believe it? I'll prove it to you. I was a boy, and was picking cotton, straining every nerve to get my four hundred. I had my task almost completed. There was a small black cloud in the West, and the sun had slid on down to that cloud, and had taken his seat there, and there he sat dead still on that cloud. I hadn't commanded him to do this, but it was highly in my favor, for I would sure get my four hundred now, for he was at least an hour high. But while the sun was sitting there on that cloud, perfectly contented, that cloud slipped out from under him and he fell, almost down to the ground. I was watching him. And when he at last set, and I weighed up, I lacked two pounds having my four hundred.

Ah! sun, many souls have stumbled into perdition because of the feat, you and your Creator, and Joshua pulled off that day.

Question.—Will the Jews ever exercise dominion over the earth?

Answer.—I will not say yes to this question. And as this is not my chapter of opinions, I will not express my opinion here.

But I do know that in this twentieth century, the Jews are largely ruling the world. And each decade brings the nations of the earth more and more under their influence and control. But this influence and control is of the pen, and not of the

sword. And according to the decision of those three honorable judges, who handed down their decision, there in that little old log school house in our boy's debating society, fifty years ago, the pen is mightier than the sword.

And every year the nations of earth are coming more and more under the influence of the writings and teachings of those old Jewish writers, Isaiah, David, Daniel, Peter and Paul, James and John and others.

But for a complete transition from the present condition of Gentile domination, to one of Jewish rule, there must come a complete change in the minds of two races of people. The Jewish race and the Gentile race.

The Jew must forever get out of his mind, that desire for an earthly king. A king who would lavish more favors on the Jewish race than he would bestow on any other race, even to the Hottentots of Africa.

There must pass from the mind of the Jew forever, that desire for worldly aggrandizement, or financial gains for his particular race of people.

This for the Jew, who as a rule, has that morbid desire to get gain, will be a hard thing to do. Yet we do know some Jews who were not possessed with this morbid desire, such as the prophets, and the apostles.

Then there must pass forever, from the mind of the Gentile race, that disrespect they have for the Jewish people.

Now I must admit that I do not have the high esteem for the Jews, at least some of them, as I am here advocating.

But this disrespect was sown in my boyhood days. The very first pair of breeches that I ever owned that my mother and sisters did not weave on a loom, I bought at a Jew store. With some cotton-picking money, I went to town to buy me some breeches.

I went into a Jew store, but to save his life, the merchant couldn't find a pair suitable for my age, and I was about to go. Vait vone moment, said the merchant, may be in de back, I vind vone dat vit you. He picked up a bundle and ran to the back of the store; presently he returned saying, Here ist de pants for you; shust der age, so very nice, and only tree dollar. I bought them, and when I got home and tried them on, they were big enough for daddy. But there on the tag, in plain figures, was the age, 13.

Now this does not mean that all Jewish merchants would do such a thing; nor that all Gentile merchants would not do such a thing.

But in our heart, we Gentiles distrust the Jew. And the thought that the Jew, whom we naturally regard as a swindler, should ever exercise dominion over us is repugnant. Besides the Jew used to call

us dogs. Now to get rid of these prejudices, is going to be a hard thing for the Gentile world to do.

But after all, are we not highly indebted to the Jewish people for what they have done for us?

They kept the records, and they kept them straight. God knew what he was doing, when he called that persistent people to keep his records. And turned over to that stiff-necked race, his worldly affairs. He could trust them.

And practically every line in that precious book has come to us as the gift of the Jew.

And if we could have at the head of our government, such Jews as gave us that Book, would it not be better for all?

But this can never be, except the Jew can fill the foregoing requirements. And these requirements he can never fill, except Jesus of Nazareth becomes his accepted king.

Question.—What is an atheist?

Answer.—An atheist is one who does not believe in a Supreme ruler of the universe. A true and living God. But assigns the creation to natural causes.

Question.—What is an infidel?

Answer.—An infidel is one who believes in a God of some kind. One who has had some part in bringing about the creation. But this belief is not based on Bible teaching. Has not the belief of the true and living God as taught in divine revela-

tion. Just a vague idea that there is some being superior to man. But the nature of such being is not at all clear to them.

We frequently hear the assertion made, that infidelity is not hurting humanity much; that there are few people who do not believe in the existence of a Creator of the universe.

Such statements come from uninformed persons. Those who have infidelity and atheism mixed. It is true that there are a few atheists. But there are millions of infidels. A great part of the earth's humanity is lost in infidelity. It is just as fatal to be without a knowledge of the true and living God as laid down in God's Holy word, as it is to believe that there is no Creator at all.

Those who would live with him through eternity must have a true conception of him here; and accept him as their Lord and his Son as their Saviour and Redeemer.

Question.—Why is it, that in the parable of the lost sheep, the number that are safe, so far exceeds the number that are lost; when we know that the lost of humanity far exceed the saved?

Answer.—In the earthly fold, those that are gathered into the fold are safe for the night, and the good shepherd leaves them that he may find one that is straying.

In the spiritual fold, those who are gathered therein are safe for eternity, and the number that are gathered into that Heavenly fold far exceed the

number of lost humanity, now wandering in the bleak mountain of sin. Hence, the Good Shepherd leaveth those in the Heavenly fold to seek that which is lost.

Question.—Why is it, that in the past, those who have done the most for God, have been required to endure the greater suffering?

Answer.—I am rather by this enigma, like the little boy in school. This was in one of those early Texas schools. And the boy was in a class to himself, and in the blue-back speller. He was spelling on the book. He had passed baker, and banquet, and horseback, and got over to luminary. four syllables. He started spelling it to the teacher, l-u-m-i-n-a-r-y. Well, what does it spell? said the teacher. The boy said, I can spell it, but I can't 'nounce it.

Exactly so by this enigma. I can see clearly, that it is just that way. Those prophets of old were stoned and killed, by the very ones they were striving to befriend. And the early followers of Jesus of Nazareth, were killed or crucified by the very ones whom they were struggling to lead to eternal life. How can such things be?

Perhaps in those eternal years to come, the God of Heaven has some way to make all things right. Some day, we'll understand.

Question.—Are there inspired writers this day and time, as in the days of old?

Answer.—Yes. But as in the days of old, they are scattering, and far between. Mostly uninspired writers.

John Bunyan, whether or not there ever were literally such characters, and places as he says existed, was an inspired writer, when from those prison walls, he gave us the *Pilgrim's Progress*.

John Milton, whether or not Satan and his fallen followers ever did come together to devise plans to recapture Heaven, was an inspired writer, when he sat there blind, dictating those precious lines of *Paradise Lost*.

Charles Wesley, whether or not it is necessary for one to have a place of refuge to which they may fly for protection in time of trouble, was an inspired writer, when from that angry religious mob, he was hiding in that deserted hut, and by that dim flickering light he gave us the world's greatest song: *Jesus Lover of My Soul, Let Me to Thy Bosom Fly*.

Francis Scott Key, whether or not the *Star Spangled Banner* has any bearing on the religion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, was an inspired writer, when as a prisoner on that British ship, he gave to us the world's greatest national anthem.

Question.—Do the departed dead ever return to this earth to converse with the living?

Answer.—Yes. Moses and Elias, there on that mountain, talked to Jesus in the presence of three of his earthly friends.

As Jesus died on Calvary, the earth did shake, and the rocks were rent; and many bodies of the saints arose, went into the city, and appeared unto many.

Whatever was possible that day and time, is possible today if necessary.

We must know, that any visit of this kind is strictly spiritual. And that it is intended to help the mortal being spiritually, and not earthly or financially. Positively so.

No visit from a Heavenly being ever was made, or ever will be made to a mortal being for the purpose of helping that mortal in a financial enterprise, or to reveal secret or hidden treasures. Positively no.

Satan might don his threadbare angel suit and do this very thing, but I don't know.

Should any mortal on this earth, receive a visit from a Heavenly being, and should then make capital of it by talking it, that mortal casts an insulting slap into the face of that Heavenly being, who desired to assist him spiritually, and will receive assistance no more.

On certain conditions dreams may become profitable to us. Some years ago I owned a home, a little farm on a much traveled public road. This was in a country where those who dug wells sometimes struck water, but more often failed. There was a fearful drouth in the land that summer, and people and stock were suffering for water. I did not

know what on earth I would do for water, for most all the tanks and wells in the country were dried up. One night in my dreams I heard these words, Dig a well on one of those little mounds below the tank and you will strike water. I saw the two little mounds just as clearly there in my dream that night as I saw them next morning at sunrise, when with my tools in my hands I went down there to begin that well.

Taking into consideration the needs of the traveling public, I selected the little mound beside the public road and began digging, and at twelve feet I struck an abundance of water. And in less than a week after I had that dream I had the pleasure of seeing those famishing teams, a dozen or more at a time, lined up there awaiting their turn to water.

Possibly all those horses and mules that quenched their thirst at that well that summer have passed away, and many of their drivers, but the little mound with the well on it is there today, and will be there tomorrow to speak for itself.

Also, the other little mound away from the public road without any well on it is there still, and in my heart I believe had I consulted my individual interests and dug my well on that little mound away from the public road, that I would have struck no water. And I would have lost my faith in dreams forever.

Question.—Mention in order, the three greatest sins committed against God.

Answer.—First. The sin against the Holy Spirit.
Second. The disbelief in God. One true and living God.

Third. The disbelief in his Son, who died on the battle field of his Father, as the Redeemer of lost humanity.

Question.—Mention in order, the three greatest sins committed against your neighbor.

Answer.—First. Criminal assault in any of its forms; force, threat, or deceitful promise.

Second. Robbery, or murder, for the purpose of getting your neighbor's possessions. This includes race suicide.

Third. The cliqueing together of members of any secret order, representing high and lofty ideals such as the Masons, Woodmen, etc., for the purpose of shielding or protecting one of their members, so that he may go unpunished for a crime that he has wilfully committed; or to assist him in the winning of a verdict in the courts, to which he is not in justice or equity entitled.

Question.—Mention in order, the three greatest sins that man can commit against himself.

First. Intemperance in any of its forms; intoxicating drinks, overeating, oversleeping, overworking, etc.

Second. A failure to acquire knowledge in all its forms as is within the power to acquire. Knowledge spiritually and worldly; such as the sciences and nature.

Third. A failure to drive away gloom, evil forebodings, etc., and to train his mind to look on the sunny side of life.

Question.—What is faith?

Answer.—Faith is the substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen. So says Paul, the most eloquent speaker the world has ever known. This definition cannot be improved upon.

We might state it in different forms, as: It is believing without seeing; or, believing before you see. But that is a hard thing to do.

Thomas Didymus demanded to see the prints of the nails in his Saviour's hands; and to actually thrust his hand into his side.

The scribes and Pharisees demanded a sign. They wanted to see.

The world wants to put their natural eyes first. But faith reverses the whole affair. It turns it upside down.

Now for a clear illustration of an act of faith, we give this incident. Many years ago, in the quaint old city of Philadelphia, there was a group of men, wrestling with one of the hardest problems that man was ever called upon to solve. It was whether they would, could or should sign their name to a certain document, a certain declaration.

And what school boy lives today, who has not read or recited those wonderful words: Will they do it? Dare they do it? Well, whether they will or will not sign that Declaration of Independence,

depends wholly upon their faith. By faith they sign it; without faith they do not sign it. For they cannot see the consequences. They cannot see ahead.

In a certain cemetery there is a tombstone, a monument that has a double inscription.

The mother in that home had died. The father was yet living. The sons desired to place a monument at their mother's grave, but they would also desire to place a monument at their father's grave, and as he would be buried by their mother's side, they decided to put up a single monument for both the father and the mother. One monument for both of their parents.

But the father was not yet dead. And wouldn't it be possible that the father would go away to some foreign country and not be buried there. Stray away from them, and then the double monument would become a joke. Or if the father did not of his own accord stray away, in some great flood or fire, his body might be forever lost to them, and then in that way the monument would become a failure. A monument that showed the resting place of the father, and that father's remains somewhere else would surely enough be a graveyard joke.

Will they do it? Will they take the risk? It depends upon their faith in two things. Their faith in their father, that he will not of his own accord, drift away from them, and be lost in some far country. And also, in their faith in a higher power,

that will keep their father's body from being taken from them through accident; and thereby destroying their hopes and their desires.

Will they do it? Will they take the risk? The monument proves that they did do it. That they did have the faith, both in their earthly father, and in their Heavenly Father.

Thus it is in spiritual affairs. Our Creator demands of us implicit confidence in advance. We must take His Holy word for what it says, and sign our names to the declaration, if he would write our name in the Lamb's Book of Life.

Question.—Are there awaiting the children of God, different degrees of reward in Heaven?

Answer.—Yes—No.

Well, whoever heard of a question, that could be answered with both yes and no?

According to your Bible, here it is.

Now, I suppose that after my readers have read this explanation of this subject, they will be like the negro Justice of the Peace was by the case that came up before him. One fellow had sued another one and the case came up before the colored Justice for trial.

After the evidence was all in, and the lawyers had made their speech, the Justice scratched his head, studied awhile, and then said: Gentlemens, it will take me three days to 'cide dis case, but I will 'ventually 'cide in favor ob de plaintive.

It may take my readers some time to 'cide this question, but I suppose that they will 'ventually 'cide in favor of the plaintive.

Jesus, speaking to his disciples, said: In my father's house are many mansions. But Jesus does not state whether or not those Heavenly mansions are all alike, or some small and some magnificent ones. And as we are not dealing out opinions we are forced to pass this scripture.

Speaking further, Jesus says: I go to prepare a place for you. But again, Jesus does not make it clear whether or not it would be one place for all of them, or a separate place for each of them. And just as the disciples did, we must pass this up for future development.

A certain husbandman employed laborers to work in his vineyard. With the first he employed, he had a fair, square understanding, as to the amount he was to pay them for the day's labor. Which is a correct business principle. To those he employed later, he said: Why stand ye here idle, losing all the pretty day? Why not go and work in my vineyard? They say: Because no one has hired us. The husbandman said: Go on and labor, and whatsoever is right, at the evening, I will pay you.

A very risky way of doing business, as at evening, there might be a wide difference of opinion as to what was right. Indeed, many cases of hard feelings, and even murder, have come out of such vague transactions.

But like thousands of hirelings do this day and time, they take him at his word, and go on and labor the rest of the day.

Now when time for settlement came, instead of refusing to pay them anything at all for their labor, as often happens this day and time, he gives them more than they were expecting. Whereupon the ones he first employed, swelled up, because he did not give them more than they were expecting, also. But the husbandman quietly explains to them that none of them are being mistreated, and all passes off quietly.

Now in making the spiritual application of this parable, it seems that they all received the same reward, and yet they did not receive the same reward, counting the time they labored.

But it all grew out of the fact that the husbandman was generous and willing to do more than his share of the business.

There was a certain man who decided to take a long journey. So he called his servants around him and divided with them his money, giving to each according to his ability to use it. After a time the man returned, and called on his servants for a settlement.

They had made such and such gains, and two of them had actually doubled their money. So well pleased was he with the way that they had cared for his money, that he took them in as partners in his

business. So that they are no longer servants, but partners with him in everything that he possesses.

But there was one in the bunch who had no respect for his master, no confidence in him. So he dug a hole in the ground and hid his master's money; that he might be dead sure to have his master's money at hand when he demanded it.

And he told the master what he thought of him, that he demanded so much of his servants, that he had hid the money, and that there it was, to take it.

But the master rebuked the servant for his actions, and told him that if he could not handle the money himself, that he should have placed it in the Bank, and received at least a little interest on it. The master had no use for such a slothful servant, so he fired him.

The spiritual application shows us that one lost out forever, and the others received with each other equal rewards.

Now there was another man who desired to go on a journey. He called to him his servants, and delivered to them his substance.

But different from the other man he gave to each, an equal amount of money. With no regard as to their ability to handle it.

On his return, he found that some had ten times the amount entrusted to them; others five; others two, and so on.

So rejoiced was he over the way they had been faithful over these little things, that he took them into his business.

But in this case, as in the other, there was one who did nothing whatever for his master, even hid the money in a napkin till his master should return. Of course, he received the same treatment as the first one mentioned.

A spiritual application would prove to us that there is no difference in the reward of these servants.

There was a certain father who had two sons. Hardworking, manly boys. And he loved them.

But the younger of these two sons, like many youngsters this day and time, had a rambling disposition.

He said one day to his father: Father give me the portion of goods that falleth to me.

And that generous father divided unto them his living.

Soon the younger son took his share of the substance, and drifted into a far country; where he wasted his substance.

Being on the verge of starvation, he resolves to return to his father's house and become a servant.

But the father receives him into his bosom as the son that was dead but is alive.

Now both these sons sit thereafter, at their father's table. They eat the same kind of food. Wear the same kind of clothes; share equally in

every respect that father's love. Absolutely no difference in the reward they are receiving. But how about their enjoyment?

Can that son, who has spent his substance in riotous living; who has caused his father's heart to ache and bleed; can he have the same enjoyment that he might have enjoyed, had he lived a righteous life? Dear reader, I leave it with you to say yes or no to this question.

Now a parable is the likening of a spiritual, or celestial object or being, which we cannot see, to an earthly, or terrestrial object or being which we can see.

And every point, or phase, of either one of these objects, or beings must have an exact counterpart or likeness in the other, or it would not be a parable. If there is the slightest difference, they are not alike, and if they are not alike, then it is not a parable.

Making the spiritual application of the parable of the prodigal son or of the one who has lived an ungodly life, we see at once, that though the reward is equal, and the wandering one has been mercifully restored to his Father's bosom; and though he sits at his Father's table and gazes upon the wondrous beauties of Heaven; that there will be a remembrance of the past that will mar his enjoyment.

But says one: God will blot out our transgressions, and remember them against us no more forever.

Yes, just as that loving earthly father ran to meet his wayward son; embraced him in his bosom, placed

a kiss upon his sin-cursed forehead; clothed him in the best of raiment; and spread before him that sumptuous dinner; so will our indulgent Heavenly Father receive us into his Heavenly kingdom; enfold us in his arms of mercy; spread before us that feast of Heaven, and blot out our sins from his book of remembrance and like the indulgent earthly father, remember them against us no more forever.

But listen, my precious friend, please listen. God will not blot out our memory. Abraham and Dives retained their memory and so will we. And like that wayward son, as he sat before that bounteous spread, we'll remember. We'll remember.

And too, there will be those in that glorious throng of Heaven, whom we have injured, whom we have defrauded. We will look upon their Heavenly faces. But they too will have blotted out of their remembrance all malice, or evil thoughts against us. But we'll remember, still remember.

When that awful day shall come, and the judgment is set; there will be those turned away from that beautiful gate, who, had we put forth our every effort, might have been rescued from that horrible doom.

They too, will have blotted out of their thoughts all malice against us; and as they turn away from that beautiful gate, we will look for the last time on their awe stricken face, and remember, forever remember.

In that Heavenly throng, there will be those who have come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb, who will come forward with their golden sheaves and their beautiful crown all radiant with glittering stars; these they will cast at Jesus' feet. And the trials and the troubles, and the tribulation through which they have come, they will remember, forever remember. And the joy that it gives them, to place these trophies at their Redeemer's feet, they will remember, forever remember.

When we have a clear conception of these precious Bible truths, how easy to understand that sweetest of promises:

Lo I come quickly, my reward is with me;

To give every man according, as his work shall be.

OUR OPINIONS

By A. J. Edwards.

*Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.**Copyrighted 1922, by the Author.*

LESSON XIX.

In looking up the word "opinion" as used in the Bible, so far as I can ascertain, it is used only on two occasions.

Once when Elijah said to his people, How long halt ye between two opinions?

Now I have heard a number of sermons preached from this text, yet I do not understand it thoroughly. Just how that people could be between two opinions.

And on another occasion, when that young preacher, Elihu, told Job that he had decided to express his opinion as to the reason he was suffering with those boils that way. And that opinion of Elihu's was a dandy one, too. Just as many of our opinions are this day and time.

When I first began to get together the manuscript for this volume, I had no thought of writing

any of my opinions into it. Fully expecting to confine myself to statements such as those through prayer and a constant trust to a higher power for guidance had come to mean more than an opinion to me.

But the publishers informed me that I could have just a few more pages in the book for the same price as the manuscript would fill.

Thus it would cost my readers absolutely nothing whatever to have the opinions written into the book.

Now I would not think of charging my readers anything for my opinions, for they might not be worth the paper on which they are written.

I have heard many lecturers and preachers stand before an audience expressing their opinions that I did not think worth the wind that it took to express them.

However, there is one class of individuals whose opinions we are supposed to respect, that is, the lawyer's. The lawyer's opinions.

I remember a good many years ago, I got into trouble. So I appealed to a lawyer for advice.

Said he: We make it a rule to charge ten dollars in advance for an opinion on the merits of the case.

I paid the fee; and the opinion amounted to this: if I would pay him such and such additional fees, he would take the case, and go up against them for me.

I paid the fees as outlined, but after two or three years, dragging through the various courts, I developed an opinion of my own.

Now, this all happened, too, after I had seen a certain picture that was sufficient to put me on my guard.

This was a picture of two farmers who had got into a dispute over a cow. Each farmer claiming the cow. One of the farmers had the cow by the horns, and the other farmer had her by the tail; each heaving and setting to drag the cow his way. The lawyer, whom they had employed to settle the dispute, was sitting on a stool, a beegum hat on his head, a pail in his hand, milking the cow for all the milk was worth.

Now this is not said disparagingly of the lawyer's profession. Indeed, I believe the lawyer's profession is a real dignified one, when represented by a real dignified lawyer.

That lawyer who will properly prepare himself for his profession, get an accurate knowledge of the law, of the statutes, and of the different forms of legal documents, deeds, conveyances, etc., and who will apply himself to keeping his clients out of the courts, instead of rushing them into the courts; will be a blessing to any community in which he may reside.

As already stated, the word "opinion" appears but very few times in the Bible. I suppose it is because those early writers dealt in facts rather than in opinions.

Now, this is not the case in ordinary conversation. Perhaps there is no one word of three syllables in the English language that is spoken more times than the word "opinion." Everywhere it is: here's my opinion; that's my opinion; this is my opinion; etc., etc.

But what do we know about it? Should we, on the witness stand, begin to tell the judge what was our opinion of the matter, he would quickly inform us that it was what we knew and not what our opinion was that was admissible.

But not so on the streets, where it is all opinions, opinions.

As to the real value of opinions, we might notice the great contrast in them as held by different individuals.

The jury, after they have each heard the same evidence, and have looked upon the witnesses, and have each heard the same arguments in the case, will form widely different opinions and they value those opinions so highly that they will suffer themselves to be locked up for days, away from their families and their places of business, before they will yield an iota.

This is the exceedingly high value we put on our opinions.

The real value of opinions may be clearly set out when we note that our eminent jurists, with all the same facts before them, will hand down diverse opinions; the majority report, and the minority report.

A close consideration of these things leads us to the question: What are our opinions worth anyway?

In answer to this question, I will say, that my opinion is that they are absolutely worthless.

Now, with the clear understanding that the following opinions cost my readers absolutely nothing; and the further understanding that my opinion of them is that they are absolutely worthless, we might now set out some of the most important ones.

First, in order to show how readily the human mind forms opinions, I will mention an incident that happened in our town. A lecturer was delivering a lecture on "man." After he was through, he gave them permission to ask questions. One in the audience asked him how he accounted for so many different colors in the human race. The white, the black, the yellow, etc.

Said the lecturer: It is my opinion that when God made Adam out of the dust or clay that the dust or clay was composed of different colored particles, some white, some black, some red, etc.

And in later years, the descendants of Adam took back after the different colored particles in the dust or clay; some white, some black, some yellow, etc.

Now, I don't like to form an opinion without some Scripture upon which to base that opinion.

Now, this fellow had the scripture alright, so far as proving that God formed Adam out of dust or clay. And we might readily presume that the dust or clay was composed of variously colored particles; and in the absence of any better theory, I suppose that we might accept the opinion.

Where did Cain get his wife?

Just this little incident in connection with this much mooted question.

I was going home from church one Sunday, walking along the street. On the other side of the street one of my neighbors, who was an infidel, and some other men were talking.

The neighbor called me to come over there. I crossed over to where they were. Said he, I want to ask you a question. Alright, I replied, I'll answer it if I can. Said he: Where did Cain get his wife?

I knew at once that he had me. Thinking a moment, I replied: I have a question to ask that I believe is more important than that. It is this: How are we treating our wives?

Now, I knew that I was falling down woefully on my part of it. And from the current reports about him and his doings, and from the way he kept standing there, looking down at the ground, I knew that I had him.

In searching the Bible for statements on which to base an opinion on the question, Where did Cain get his wife? We read: And Adam called his wife's name Eve; because she was the mother of all living. Not that it was the current opinion that she was such, but that she was the mother of all living.

This, of course, does not mean that Eve was the mother of all monkeys, tadpoles, burros, etc. But that she was the mother of all living souls. All earthly beings that possessed an immortal soul.

Now Cain and his wife each had an immortal soul; or they neither possessed an immortal soul. There is no halfway ground. Absolutely no connection between a being with an immortal soul and a being without an immortal soul. None whatever.

So, we readily conclude that Eve was the mother of Cain's wife, and that Cain's wife was his sister.

But here the infidel's eyes stand agog. That Cain should marry his sister.

Now Adam and Eve had other sons and daughters. Where did they get their husbands and wives?

One of those daughters of Adam and Eve chose to share her brother's sorrows in that far off land of Nod.

Abraham married his half-sister. He tells us so. And she followed him out from Ur of the Chaldees to an unknown country to help him bear his burdens and sorrows.

So what is the use of letting the Devil boil us up about it and destroy our immortal soul.

Of course, this day and time, when it is wholly unnecessary; and when the human race has so degenerated that not half of us can even live out our three score and ten; such things would not only be repugnant, unlawful, and loathsome, but would be fraught with the greatest calamity.

This fact is clearly proven by the great number of lunatic and idiotic kings and rulers of those foreign countries. The lamentable condition of which can be readily traced to the marrying and intermarrying with blood relatives and kindred.

To what country was Cain banished? Answer: To the land of Nod. But where is the land of Nod? Here again the infidel gets in one of his hardest blows. And he gets it from the Bible, too.

Here are the Scripture quotations. And the Lord said unto Cain, And now, thou art cursed from the earth. Again the Lord said, And thou shalt be a fugitive, and a vagabond in the earth.

Also Cain said unto the Lord, Behold thou hast driven me out this day from the face of the earth. And again, Cain said unto the Lord, And I shall be a fugitive and a vagabond in the earth. Flat contradictions in the opinion of the infidel; for Cain couldn't be both places.

Now, I know that in some way these Bible statements are true. And here is my opinion as to how it happened.

The expression, the face of the earth, as used in Bible language, has a similar meaning here as when we speak of the face of man or the face of a watch. It is not the whole outward appearance.

And when the Lord banished Cain from off the face of the earth, he simply transferred him to the Western hemisphere, or the opposite side of the earth. And gave Cain an opportunity to develop this beautiful country; just as the other sons of Adam had in the Eastern land.

Now, when the flood came and destroyed everything on the face of the earth except the occupants of the ark, the descendants of Cain probably escaped, for they were not on the face of the earth.

And my opinion is that the aborigines of America are the direct descendants of Cain.

Bearing out this conclusion is their murderous disposition. A disposition to murder their brother without any cause whatever. Also their lack of a desire to properly till the soil, and, too, the brass and the copper vessels found in the old Indian mounds bear out the Bible statement that some of them became proficient in that line of work. Also they are beardless, which is a peculiar mark of the Indian.

This, however, need not do away with the opinion that the inhabitants of the two continents did, in different ways, as time went by, cross from one land

to the other, and became to some extent intermingled with each other. They are evidently of the same original family.

Was Balaam a righteous man? A man of God? My opinion is that he was. But like many of us rather wish-ee wash-ee.

Did Jonah actually swallow that great fish? My opinion is that he did. But he swallowed him bite at a time.

But I've got it backwards. Did the great fish actually swallow Jonah? Well, that is another one of the great mooted questions, and one over which poor souls have stumbled.

The Bible says that the fish swallowed Jonah. And we know that the Bible is true. But here comes one with the opinion that no fish or whale ever existed that had a mouth large enough to swallow a man. Too bad that the Bible writers didn't know more about the size of the whale's mouth than that.

But just here, I shall notice that class of opinions that admit that the Bible is true in every respect. They admit that the whale swallowed Jonah. And that he spewed Jonah out on the dry land; and all just as the Bible outlines it. But they say that it could all have come about naturally. Now my opinion is that such an opinion as that is a worse opinion than the opinion that denounces the whole story. It was just as much of a miracle as when Jesus came forth from the tomb.

Oh, those mountains, mountains, mountains, made of mole hills, over which millions have stumbled into perdition. We pass them and notice a few opinions, in which not much stock is taken by the infidel.

What is the present state of the righteous dead?

Just here, probably, is an answer to which the entire population of the earth agree; that they are at rest; that their sorrows and sufferings are o'er. All mankind agree to this one opinion.

But of what does that rest consist? Here again opinions begin to multiply.

Some are of the opinion that such rest is the end of their existence forever. Some are of the opinion that such rest is the end of their existence till such and such a time as God shall call them out of their long sleep. And as to the date, or time, that this will take place, there are many, many opinions. Diverse opinions.

My opinion is that such rest is the entering of that mortal into the joy of the Lord. That such individuals are no more dead or unconscious of their existence than at any other time of their life. That in a spiritual form they pass at once from this earthly tabernacle of clay to a place prepared for them eternally in the heavens. And that there they meet with loved ones gone on before. And that thenceforth no tears shall dim their eyes. For they have accepted eternal life, offered so freely to all.

What is the present state of the wicked dead?

I shall give here only my own opinion. That they are asleep. And just as unconscious of all that is transpiring as any one who is under the influence of a deadly anaesthetic. And that they will live not till the thousand years are passed.

This need not, however, bar out the opinion that the soul which is sleeping under the deadly anaesthetic of sin may at times arouse to a paroxysm of sensibility to their condition, as did Dives in hell, when he begged for a drop of water. Any more than a mortal who is under the influence of an earthly anaesthetic arouse at times momentarily to a knowledge of his condition and suffering.

Where is Paradise? I mean the Paradise of God.

I suppose that I share in common the opinion of most all of those who accept the Bible as an infallible guide. That the first reference in the Bible to Paradise is that beautiful garden of Eden.

Even Milton, who wrote what I believe is easily the world's third book in value, makes the garden of Eden and Paradise identical.

And he tells us in that book how Satan, through cunning and intrigues, slipped Paradise out of man's possession. Just as he will slip our immortal soul into his own possession.

However, we are forced to admit that it is only our opinion that Paradise was ever on this earth. As we fail to find Scripture to prove it positively.

But we are quite sure that Paradise is not on this earth at this time. At least I have found no one claiming to have found it here below.

Jesus said to the thief on the cross: Today shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

Three days later he said to those women at the sepulchre: Touch me not, for I have not yet ascended to the Father.

This justifies us in forming an opinion that Paradise and the Father's throne are in different places.

Paul tells us, that he was caught up into the third heaven, and there in Paradise he saw things that were unlawful for him to tell us.

Closing this subject, I will venture two opinions:

My opinion is that Paradise is not now on earth, but somewhere within the bounds of the solar system. On some one of those beautiful planets, some of them hundreds of times larger than this earth, and far more beautiful. We look upon them as our pretty evening and morning stars. But they are not there for ornaments only. We are apt to have too small an opinion of these beautiful and majestic worlds, or planets.

My opinion is, that the Father's throne, around which will one day be gathered that anxious throng, as numberless as the sands of the sea shore, is far, far away, and is at the grand center of the sidereal system; and is the center around which our sun,

with its retinue of planets, and all the other suns or stars, in their respective orbits, are hurling along through space at such incredible velocity.

How does Satan look?

I know absolutely nothing of Satan's personal appearance. And to save me I can't even form an opinion of him.

Most all the old time painters painted him black, with a tail and no wings.

But I have just read a book recently published in which the author severely criticises these old time painters for painting Satan with a tail. Remarking that it was absurd and calculated to do a great deal of harm.

Then this author turns right around in his book he paints Satan white, with wings and no tail.

Well, to save me, I can't decide whether I would rather belong to a Satan who is black, and a tail and no wings, or to a Satan that is white, and with wings and no tail.

My experience is that whether he has a tail like a kangaroo to help him along, or wings like a vulture to help him along, that he gets there just the same.

Oh, those opinions, opinions, opinions of ours. I suppose when we all get all of our opinions written and published that the world itself will not contain the books.

What is meant by the future punishment of the wicked?

We shall enter but a few opinions here. My own worthless opinion. The opinion of my grandfather's grandfather, Jonathan Edwards and perhaps one more individual.

As to my ancestor's opinion, I shall let him speak in his own words as handed down to us through the last two centuries.

He says: The world will probably be converted into a great lake or liquid globe of fire; a vast ocean of fire, in which the wicked shall be overwhelmed, which will always be in tempest in which they shall be tossed to and fro, having no rest day or night, vast waves of billows of fire, continually rolling over their heads, of which they shall forever be full of a glowing, melting fire, fierce enough to melt the very rocks and the elements; and they shall also eternally be full of the most quick and lively sense to feel the torments, not for one day, nor for one age, nor for two ages, not for a hundred years nor for ten thousands of millions of ages, one after another, but forever and forever, without any rest at all, and never, never to be relieved.

These are the words written and spoken by Jonathan Edwards two centuries ago.

We have before us a book recently published, in which the author quotes these words of Jonathan Edwards, and in commenting on them he says that they foster infidelity, and drive sensible thinking men from accepting the truth, that such words are

born in the imagination of fire eaters, that they are the works of the Devil and that they cause souls to stumble into hell.

Of course this is the opinion of this present day writer, and he has not taken in consideration the fact that none of us know the future; that it is only our opinions, and that each of us have a perfect right to our opinions as to the future. And the above words of Jonathan Edwards are just merely his opinions; he says, probably so.

Now as to sensible thinking men stumbling over these opinions it is certainly true, for men of this kind very readily stumble, indeed, that is the class that Satan works the most diligently to destroy.

But this ought not to be; as every sensible thinking man has a perfect right to think for himself, and to draw his own conclusion, and most certainly he has access to the word of God the same as those who write and publish opinions promiscuously.

There is positively no reason why one man should lose his soul because some other man has expressed his opinion on this or that.

As to my own worthless opinion, an opinion that I ask no man to consider one moment when he is looking after his eternal welfare; it is this, that God has prepared the lake of fire alright, but that he prepared it for the Devil and his angels and not for mortal man, that in that lake of fire, after the judgment the Devil and his angels will be cast head-

long, just as the Bible says will be done, and also, whosoever is not found written in the book of life, will be cast into the lake of fire. The same lake of fire that awaits the Devil and his angels await the nations that forget God; and those who fail to accept eternal life while it is offered them so full and free.

As to that lake of fire, I do not believe that Jonathan Edwards has missed it far in his glowing description, but unlike my ancestor I believe that the soul of that unfortunate individual will in time cease to be conscious of its existence.

Just as the mortal on this earth, when racked with pain and scorched with fever, will pass from life unto death, will cease to exist on this earth, and his body of clay will be placed in the tomb not to be annihilated, but to return unto the dust; so will the soul of that individual, who has unfortunately made his bed in that lake of fire, and there racked with pain and burned with flames will in time cease to have a consciousness of their existence, they die the second death.

But says one, the soul is immortal and cannot be destroyed. Yes that soul which has accepted eternal life shall not taste of death. God has spoken these words and God cannot lie, and that soul cannot die. But that soul who has been offered eternal life so full and free and without cost, and has stubbornly resisted the Holy Spirit through all His in-

tercedings, has not eternal life, and that soul shall die. God has spoken the words and God cannot lie.

Listen, precious friend, please listen, these are only the opinions of a common man, and a very common man at that. Please pay no attention to them whatever, but search the scriptures diligently for in them ye may have eternal life.

Oh! How we shudder to think of the time when we shall come down to the deep turbid river, and the time when we shall pass from earth, but how much more should we shudder when we think of the time when racked with pain and burned with flames that we will pass out of existence forever. Fear God who has power to kill both soul and body.

Of course these opinions are worthless, as they prove nothing. But to be heirs and joint heirs, in the inheritance to all of these beautiful, wonderful, magnificent riches untold, is not a hobby, not a fallacy, not a delusion but is within the power of every living soul in God's heritage, be he rich or poor, wise or ignorant.

Listen precious friend, will you shun the everlasting punishment, that eternal separation from God and love, and life and light, and lay hold on all that is good, while it is offered you so full and free? Will you?

SOME THINGS WE KNOW

There are some things which we surely know,
That we are sojourners in this land of woe;
That our days are numbered, and go flitting by;
That this mortal body shall surely die.

That soon this heart and this flesh will fail;
That the dark grim Reaper will then prevail;
That these active limbs and this fleeting breath,
Will yield to that grim monster, Death.

We know that our will is free to choose;
That it is wholly with us, if Heaven we lose;
That eternal life is offered to all;
That it is solely with us if we rise or fall.

We know that the pleasures of the young and the
 gay,
And all earthly treasures will soon fade away;
That we pass from this earth to those realms un-
 known,
To reap in eternity, as on earth we have sown.

That today, not tomorrow, is the acceptable time.
To make sure of a home in that Heavenly clime.
Then accept him dear sinner, this Saviour divine;
Believe him and trust him, and Heaven is thine.

By A. J. Edwards.

APPENDIX

To Bible Lessons and Lectures, Copyrighted 1922.

By A. J. Edwards.

In the lessons and lectures written in this book, it has been our effort to state the facts in as few words as possible; and usually to leave the reader to draw the conclusions.

And while we have treated some subjects not directly bearing on Bible themes; and have tried to intersperse the lessons with wit and humor as is necessary to remove the monotony of a volume of the size of this work, there has been one central theme, one avowed purpose, which is to counteract, as far as is in my power, the growing influence of infidelity.

I must remind you again that this infidelity or influence is not the disbelief in God, but a disbelief in the divinity of God and in the Bible as his written, his divine, and his unimpeachable and his inspired revelation.

To get at once before my readers the incentive I have for writing this, I will quote from one of our most prominent educators of today; one who stands high up, and has following his name, both the M. D. and the LL. D.

In his book he says "In points of view so widely different, it is impossible for Religion and Science to agree."

He says, "No conclusion can be reached except by appeal to reason."

He says, "Religion and Science must both submit their claims to an arbitrament."

He further says, "Faith puts its claims above Reason. Faith deals in mysteries, Reason in facts. Faith tries to satisfy the mind with miracles and prophecies, Science rests herself on Reason."

It will be clearly seen from the statements of this eminent man that faith, unless it be backed up by science and reason as he sees it, is untenable; it is simply nil.

To any such teaching as this, we must dissent.

Faith and miracles, and prophecies, cannot be backed up by reason, from the fact that these are spiritual attributes, reason is an earthly attribute, and neither will back up the other. One being of Celestial origin, the other terrestrial origin.

Mortal man cannot reason out the mysterious ways in which God moves, any more than he can tell whence the wind cometh and whither it goeth. Therefore to refuse to accept or to believe any of these so called mysteries of God, is to refuse to accept God himself.

We will here quote from the book of this same author, as follows: "Many good and well meaning men have attempted to reconcile the statements of Genesis, with the discoveries of science, but it is

vain. The divergence has increased so much that it has become an absolute opposition. One of the two must give way."

Though these statements coincide with the statements of Ingersoll, they are not Ingersoll's statements, but are from the pen of one of our most noted educators.

Had they come from Ingersoll, or other professed infidel, the evil might not be so imminent. For they are being echoed all over the land by leaders of men. And yet we hear the assertion on every side, that infidelity is not hurting us much.

Proceeding with quotations from this same author, he says, "The Pentateuch is affirmed to have been written by Moses, who thus gives an account of his own death."

And then he says, "No man can dare to impute the Pentateuch to the inspiration of Almighty God; its inconsistencies, incongruities, contradictions, and its impossibilities are so great, and it contains the most extraordinary contradictions, and impossibilities such as would destroy the authenticity of any historical work."

It is lamentable that such statements as these should go into print and be sent out into the world to be read by the rising generation of thoughtless humanity.

I must admit that at one time I saw it blindly and tried to believe it as this author does, but when I searched diligently for the truth instead of

the contradictions, I found the truth. I found that instead of the proclaimed contradictions between true science and the Holy Word of God, that there was absolute corroboration in every detail. I know positively that there is not on record in any court in the land, the evidence of two witnesses that corroborate each other more perfectly than do God's two witnesses, nature and the Bible.

And every other individual to whom has been given a reasonable mind, if he will prayerfully search diligently for the truth as I did, and not for the contradictions, will find it as I have found it, an infallible guide through this maze of darkness.

I shall close with a brief notice of just a few of these "extraordinary" contradictions in the Bible.

Again I will state that these lines are not directed to that class of individuals who say that there is no God. Satan himself pays little attention to that class of individuals who say in their heart that there is no God.

Neither are these lines addressed particularly to that class of individuals who by force of intellect, and persistent energy, have attained to the high positions in our great educational institutions; and who have continued to partake of the tree of knowledge until they have attained to that degree of wisdom, that they have come to believe that the "foolish" things written in the Bible, are not the words of Almighty God.

But these lines are addressed to the young of the rising generation, and to those who seek to know the way of truth.

EXTRAORDINARY CONTRADICTION No. 1.

And Balaam answered and said, If Balak would give me his house full of silver and gold, I cannot go beyond the word of the Lord my God. Numbers.

And because they hired against thee Balaam, the son of Beor to curse thee. Deuteronomy.

It appears from these two passages both referring to the same incident, that they did and they did not hire Balaam to curse the Israelites. That Balaam did and did not receive the bribe.

Here are the facts in this case. Balak desired to bribe Balaam, and in law and equity was just as guilty as if Balaam had received the bribe. Balaam desired to receive the bribe, and had Balak to offer up sacrifices. He coveted the honor and wealth that Balak offered to confer upon him, and tried in every conceivable way to get it. But his God said No. Balaam was guilty as if he had actually received the bribe.

But few of us exist, who do not in some way or the other find ourselves in this same plight, or predicament, as did Balaam and Balak.

The whole thing substantiates, rather than condemns the Bible.

EXTRAORDINARY CONTRADICTION No 2.

And these signs shall follow them that believe, in my name they shall cast out devils. . . . Lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover, they shall heal all manner of diseases, etc. Mark.

Paul writing to Timothy says, Trophimus have I left at Miletum sick. Evidence that Paul did not believe or he could lay hands on Trophimus and heal him. Completely knocked out.

While we are taught that those who believe will have power to heal all manner of diseases, we are not taught that they are able to heal all diseases. Were that the case then the disciples could go on healing each other and live forever.

We are divinely taught that God will not do for us that which we can do for ourselves. It is only when our strength and ability fails that God steps in. Man's extremity is God's opportunity.

Now in this day of enlightenment God expects us to depend on the laying on of the proper medicine that he has placed within our reach, rather than to be depending on the laying on of hands.

And those who are waiting to see some sign before they believe in the divine power of the Creator, will find themselves disappointed, just as those scribes and Pharisees were when they demanded a sign of Jesus of Nazareth.

Prayer and faith have had, and ever will have their place in the estate of mankind, but man himself must occupy his proper sphere.

We could continue an investigation of these extraordinary contradictions of the Bible, but it is useless. They all fade away when the light is turned upon them, just as the morning dew fades away when the sunshine reaches it.

Again I repeat it, that those who search the scriptures diligently, and search for the truth rather than for the contradictions will find the truth. They will find the word of God pure and undefiled and untainted in every detail. They will find it a correct moral guide. They will find it a correct physical guide. They will find it a correct spiritual guide. They will find it unimpeachable, and a light to guide them Heavenward.

That beautiful home, the home of the soul,
While the ceaseless ages of eternity roll,
Each precious soul that has been born anew,
Will rejoice evermore, that the Bible is true.

THE AUTHOR.

BIBLE LESSONS and LECTURES

By A. J. EDWARDS

BOOK II LECTURE--MAN LESSON XX

For Distribution by
**BIBLE LESSONS AND
LECTURES COMPANY**
Fort Worth, Texas

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NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE**

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MAN

Lecture by A. J. Edwards.

Author of Bible Lessons and Lectures.

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LESSON XX

And God said, Let us make man in our image, after our likeness, and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creepeth upon the earth. *Genesis.*

Is that statement true? Is that statement true?

No words expressed or implied, spoken or written, have the all importance of these few words; none fraught with such weighty interest to humanity as this peculiar statement. Is it true, or is it false?

In arriving at a verdict as to the truth or the falsity of this momentous statement, there are a few things that, though we would desire to know, yet we need not concern ourselves so much about. Such as the length of time since they were uttered; or to whom they were spoken; or just how long it took God to make the man. These points are quite unimportant. There was plenty of time back there. The question is, Did it happen?

Now, in discussing this question from the negative point of view, or on the theory that the statement is false, we might reason that none of us have at any time seen God. That other agencies might have brought man into existence as well as God himself could have existed. But the most plausible reason for rejecting the validity of the statement, is the fact that other statements in this same piece of evidence do not harmonize with this statement apparently. That is, other statements coming from the same source do not corroborate this statement.

Then if such be the case we must know of a certainty that the all important statement is false. If there is the slightest contradiction in the chain of evidence then the whole fabric fails.

In other words, and to make it plain, if there be a failure in the chain of evidence handed down to us, and if that record is not pure and untainted, to the present date, then it is from an impure source, and we have no God. That issue is settled. For a God who is able to start a record should be able to keep that record pure to the finish, and if the record is not pure, then God is a failure.

But says one, These records are in the hands of man, and may have become corrupt. Well, if the all important statement is true, God made the man, and if God could make a man and put any backbone in him at all, he should be able to put enough of backbone in him so that man could keep his records straight. Be-

sides God would be a failure if he would appoint man his bookkeeper and man could not get a balance on his books. And if man has failed to get this balance then man and his source of existence are total failures.

In discussing this subject from the affirmative point of view, or that God did speak these all important words, we must admit that the burden of proof lies wholly upon the affirmative side. We must be able to prove that there is no discrepancy in the records as they are handed down to us, that they are untainted in any way.

That the burden of proof rests upon the affirmative side is clearly shown by the statement from the record, Go and teach all nations, that is, prove this to them. Show them the truth.

This does not imply that all will believe even though they may be properly taught concerning the truth of the record.

Returning to the all important statement we read: And God said—Now conceding this to be true, our mind is at once enlightened to the fact that this is a personal God, a real God, one who has life, and one who can talk; one who can hear, and one who can be heard.

—Let us—Evidence that there were others with Him or about Him in the work of the creation. Commentators have written many volumes on this theme, as to whom these were, and as to what part they were taking in the work of the creation. This is rather irrelevant merely opinions and cannot be proven. However,

we have heard a very plausible theory that this was the straw that broke the camel's back, or the act of God that caused the mighty Lucifer to raise a rebellion in Heaven. But we do not know.

—make man—Evidence that man had hitherto had no existence. Had never breathed an oath or a prayer. Had never seen the wondrous works of God. Of course if the all important statement be true, then evolution is a complete failure, as all other living beings had already been created before God spoke this all important sentence. It is clearly proven that if evolution is true then the all important statement is false, and if the all important statement is true all manner of evolution is a failure. They can't both go.

—in our image, after our likeness—Of course commentators by the score hop on to this, as to whether we do or do not resemble God. Well, I rather believe that God would be ashamed of most of us, but there might occasionally come up a real man, that God would be really proud of.

—and let them have dominion—Well, we come to a very important part of the all important statement. We all know what dominion means; and we all know full well what man was to exercise dominion over.

Now if man has come up through a process of evolution he is now exercising dominion over his illustrious ancestors, whatever they were. For we know that he is exercising dominion over all things.

We know that whether he gets this authority from the all important statement or by force of good luck that he has the dominion alright over all things.

It seems a little odd that there is no more evolution this day and time. Perhaps man's woeful condition keeps all other beings from having any desire to evolve.

Now if God actually spoke those important words as is laid down in Genesis, and created man in his own image, and that, too, after he had created all other living beings, then all other statements in Genesis will corroborate the statement, and not only in Genesis but in every other testimony purporting to come from the same source as does this important statement. And not only all other Bible statements but every thing he created will corroborate the same statement from the smallest atom of the creation to the most distant nebulae.

And the Lord God formed man out of the dust of the ground, and breathed into his nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul. *Genesis*.

Is this statement true? Is this statement true?

If the first statement is true then this statement is also true. If the first statement is false then this statement can be proven to be false.

If complete evolution is true then this is false, for man would not become a living soul through evolution. No animal is a living soul.

If animal life had come up through evolution to that degree of perfection that God would breathe in its nostrils and make a living soul of it then the first statement is not true, for man would be already created all except his soul.

So we are forced to admit that man today is simply an animal, or the two statements are true and God formed man out of the dust of the ground and not out of some advanced animal; or that God had nothing to do with his creation whatever.

If both the above Bible statements are true, then the whole fabric is true, for these two points cover the whole issue. They settle the question of the creation forever.

Now the question confronts us, Is the Bible account of the creation of man true or false?

The evolution of animals is clearly taught by both the Bible and nature. Nature proves it positively, and in the Bible we read, And God said let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, etc. The only difference in the Bible and nature is that nature does not tell us the origin of life; the Bible does.

Now with the absolute proof that the Bible is wholly true or it is wholly false we might notice some of the negative theories in regard to the origin of man.

First. The impossibility that God could make man as given in the Bible account of his creation.

This of course forces us at once to say whether God can or cannot perform a miracle. If God cannot per-

form a miracle then nature must do the whole of the creation, both man and beasts. If God can perform a miracle then he could make man any way he chose to make him.

Now we all must admit that life has come into existence, and the question as to whether life is come to us through a natural source or a miraculous source is now the vital question to be answered.

If nature can produce life then God is not needed at all, for if nature can produce life for us on earth it can produce life in eternity, and we need no God. But if nature cannot produce life then life comes through a miraculous power, it is the gift of God.

But says one. life started away back with the smallest cell, the smallest protoplasm. To such we must say that it is no more a miracle to give life to an object as large as a man than it is to give life to the smallest protoplasm. A being who can give life to one cell can give life to two cells, or any amount of cells. Therefore, if nature can give life to one cell, nature can go on up with it.

It is clearly evident that life is of miraculous origin and is the gift of God. And that God could make Adam in the manner described or in an other manner he chose to make them. And we see no reason why the Bible account of the creation of man should be rejected.

Says another, But there are scores and scores of different accounts of the creation, accounts by every

heathen nation. And every heathen nation has its religion, and its methods of worship, this would go to show that there is a failure in the Bible.

Of all flimsy objections that can be brought up against the Bible I think this the weakest. With just the same propriety we might say that there is no genuine silver dollar because there are scores of counterfeit dollars in existence. This would lend color to the statement that there is a genuine counterfeiter of the Bible going the rounds. This phase of the question will be given further notice in the latter part of this lecture under the title "The Seven Struggles."

We will now take up what we consider the most serious phase of the question of man's existence here on earth.

The question as to how long man has had his abode on the earth.

If the two Bible statements heretofore quoted are true, then this question of time need not worry us in the least. Whether it was six thousand or six billion years ago. For we know that time was no object in the matter. God had plenty of time. Time has nothing to do with it.

But here comes the trouble. Scientific men, the geologists, and the anthropologists, tell us, that is some of them do, that these Bible statements cannot be true because their science teaches them that man has been on the earth more than six thousand years, as man

counts time. That the Bible narrative does not go as far back with man as their science proves that he has existed here on earth.

Now let us notice closely these scientific objections.

To begin with, the Bible does not state, nor even hint that this creation of man took place six thousand years ago, as man counts time. But it does state positively that God created man out of the dust of the earth, and not out of an animal. This fact alone would rescue the book of books from the onslaughts of the "scientists."

We know that God had the time, and that this same book says that a day with the Lord is as a thousand years and a thousand years is as a day. That settles that part of it.

But should the "scientists" see fit to hold out for a real six thousand year theory, as man counts time, then we will require an investigation of their theory of a longer period of time.

What does time mean anyway? As to my own experience of time I will say that I have knocked out my three score years and am knocking out the ten, yet it seems scarcely any time since I was a little child riding on my big brother's back to school.

Yet when we come to think about it, six thousand years is a good while. Only a moment as compared to eternity, but it is some days. Only two hundred years back and this great U. S. was a very small factor in the world's population. See what it is now.

But says one: This population came from other countries. Well, all those other countries have multiplied in population also. Where did they get their population? If from Adam's day, counting it six thousand years of our time, man had gone on increasing in numbers in the regular order of things, and without war, then there would not be enough particles of sand visible on the surface of the earth for each one to stand on and have a particle of sand all to himself. What?

But, say the scientists, we go to the caves, to the moraines, and to the alluvial deposits of the rivers, and there we get positive proof that man has had his abode on this earth for hundreds of thousands of years. But are we quite sure that this proof is positive proof? Or is it opinions? We know that man is here, but do we know that our proof of his long time abode here is positive?

Taking the alluvial deposits of rivers for instance: to presume that these rivers have been running on in their present course for ages is stretching to some extent our presuming powers. Why, we have case after case coming up in the courts where states of our union are in law with each other, trying to settle their boundary lines that have been so changed in the last one hundred years that no one can tell positively any thing about it. Then what could occur to these rivers in six thousand years? Yet there are some who seem to know positively all about these ancient rivers.

Just a word here before going further with an investigation of scientific research. May God bless the man of science, and bless and crown his labors with success and truth.

It has been through the efforts of scientific men and their devoted and tireless energy that has brought the human race up out of that jungle of darkness, and it is through their efforts that Christianity today is able to stand.

When Galileo turned his little telescope towards Jupiter and saw four of its moons, and told his neighbors about it, and the "church" put him in prison for it, and when the "church" passed the law making it a death penalty for any one to teach that the sun and not the earth was the center, 'twas then the scientists were having a hard time of it, but thank heaven they prevailed and lifted up humanity. But this word of caution: be aware that the same dark power that was then holding humanity down, does not lead you on to that point that you will hold Christianity down.

Just here I will put squarely before you, both saint and sinner, the Bible injunction: Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.

Let us now see what the moraines have to tell us of man's abode on earth. Will they help us to arrive at a verdict as to whether the two momentous statements at the beginning of this lecture are true or false.

Moraines or glacial drifts are the remains of rubbish, dirt and rocks that have been drifted together

by ice rivers, that is, the deposits from glaciers. We find these drifts today in many places where we have congenial clime. And we find them existing today in their original icy state, where luxuriant vegetation has grown.

Now, it is in these remains of ice drifts that prehistoric man is found; his bones, his cooking utensils, his hunting and fishing articles are found here, all buried in rubbish of rock and dirt that has been in existence for tens of thousands of years. This is positive. But it is positive that these bones, etc., could not have been mixed up with this rubbish in some upheaval or cataclysm within the last one thousand years even. We can't answer positively: Yes or No.

But it is to the caves that we go for the best proof that man is of remote antiquity.

High up above the level of the valley one hundred feet or more is a cave. Here in this cave the anthropologist begins to dig. Down, down through layer after layer of accumulation he descends; bringing to the light from each layer the remains of man. Yes, man was there. And for that accumulation to form in that cave to the depth it now is would require hundreds of thousands of years. But man was there.

Well, it seems from this that we are ready to say positively that man has been here on this earth for hundreds of thousands of years. The remains of man in that cave prove positively that man has been here on earth from time immemorial almost.

And this proof so positive puts the Adam and Eve story, and the Bible and all that are putting their trust in that book, in the greatest jeopardy, in the greatest predicament.

Let us see. Now that cave is up there one hundred feet or more, and it is filled with those remains of man and his implements, to the bottom almost; this is positive. But can we say positively that this cave was standing up that way four thousand years ago? In this earth where there is, even before our eyes, rising and subsiding of portions of the earth's crust, some portions rising, other portions falling, can we say positively that the mouth of that cave was not in no remote time, down with the level of the valley, where one or two floods could have washed all that debris into the cave at one sitting or two? Do we know it?

We can have our opinions about it, and we can freely express our opinions about it, for we live in a free country. But for a man of letters to put out his books for the rising generation to read and to say in his book, that the Bible account of it is false, and not add to that statement that this is merely his opinion of it, is somewhere lacking.

As to the age of the earth, nature will readily prove to us that it is millions of years old. We know that to be a fact. Besides the Bible tells us plainly that two of God's days passed after the dry land began to appear, before the day came that he lit the torch to light the earth up.

According to the nebular theory, or the Bible either, the earth is much older than the sun. But because we can find man and his relics all mixed up with these old fragments of the earth, is not positive proof that they have existed as long as these fragments of earth.

Realizing that the whole business is merely opinions, we might now notice some of the most worthy of these opinions.

1. That away back there millions of years ago, we don't know how long, some kind of a cell, we don't know just what kind, got life into it, we don't know just how, and that it increased, we don't know just how long till it became an animal, we don't know just what species; and from this all the human race has sprung.

2. Just like the first on down to the animal, when God breathed into its nostrils the breath of life, and it became a living soul. And from this man all the human race has sprung.

3. The Buddhist, the Brahman, the Zoroaster, and scores of others of the East, who have a written account of man's creation, to which written account, the reader is hereby referred.

4. The stone worshipers of the Cordillera mountain system of America, who say that the first of their ancestors they know about was a man who came across the great water from the West and had married his sister, and that when they died they both turned to stone, and for that reason they worship stones.

5. The Bible account as given in Genesis. Though it is severely criticised by many of the most highly educated of men today is in easy access to all, and I would heartily recommend it to every one for a diligent consideration.

6. My own exalted opinion, of course. Well, I would not take a billion dollars for it. Yet I would not give a two-cent stamp for another one different. It is this: That the Genesis account of it is exactly as it reads; that there is not a tangle in it in the least item, that God did just exactly in every respect as laid down in the Bible, even the dust, the rib and all.

I further believe that this creation of Adam and Eve took place near six thousand years ago, as we count time today; that is about sixty centuries of our time, and that all the human race of the earth have sprung up from these two humans. Now, that is what I believe.

However, I have a sneaking opinion that there has been on this earth, and placed here by their Creator, another race of beings, not our human race at all, but a pre-Adamic race, that they utterly failed to develop this beautiful world as God required them to do, and he destroyed them from the earth; and it is the relics of that extinct race that we find so plentiful on the earth. We must remember that God came very near getting this human race for their slothfulness.

Now the part of my opinion embraced in this last paragraph I would sell quite cheap, but the first part I would not care to sell for money.

Well, with the knowledge that man is here on earth alright, and that he has dominion over all the earth, that it is turned over to him to subdue, and that he has the power to subdue it, we might follow him up in his work of subduing the earth.

Let us notice a few of the first questions asked on earth.

1. Where art thou, Adam?

The very tone of this question implies that Adam was not in his proper place. It implies that Adam well knew that he was in bad with his Creator. That he had within himself that attribute to admonish him of evil doings. And that he dreaded to meet an angry God.

2. Who told thee that thou wast naked?

Positive proof that man from the start had within him an agency or attribute by which he might know of his relationship with God. Every individual may know from his own self whether he is or is not clothed.

3. Cain, why are thou wroth?

Here we have a despicable though common occurrence among men. One who has fallen down in the task assigned him to do; one who has no one to blame but himself, yet he is wroth with God and all mankind.

4. Where is Abel thy brother?

This stern question followed by the one from Cain: Am I my brother's keeper? brings to us some peculiar

thoughts. Man's relationship to his fellow man, to his brother. But this relationship is carried through to eternity. We can't evade it.

I have been pressed closely in regard to this sad occurrence. Why if God is all powerful, did he permit this murder? Can we answer? We believe we can. First, man is a free mortal agent, and can sin if he so desires. Cain so desired to kill his brother that he was permitted to slay him in the way he did. But God could have prevented it, we suppose. Then, why did he not prevent it? One reason for his not preventing it was, that a dread example might be made of this crime; the perpetual banishment of Cain from his people might serve as a check to further heinous crimes of that kind. Another reason we are quite sure for God permitting this murder was that the angels of Heaven might know the reality of man, of his destiny. They would not have to wait several hundred years to realize what man meant to them. And when righteous Abel was wafted into the presence of that angel band there was something going on in the courts of Heaven that moment, you may rest assured.

Having taken a brief glimpse into man's first efforts, his first ups and downs, or downs rather, as he starts out to subdue this great and beautiful world, we might now proceed to notice some of the heroic struggles man has had to undergo, in his effort to bring the

earth under his control. We have classed and divided these efforts in what we will call "The Seven Struggles."

Now there is a saying that a bad beginning makes a good ending. Now if that saying is true, then man should certainly wind up exceptionally well, for he has made an exceedingly bad beginning. He had been driven out from that beautiful garden of Eden that the Lord had planted for him, and he is now forced to start him up a little clearing of his own out there in the thorns and the thistles. One of his sons is murdered by another son and that son has been forever expelled from his presence. A bitter beginning, indeed. Does he give it up? No, not man.

THE FIRST STRUGGLE

It may seem queer to my readers that I should locate the first struggle of man away back even before man was created, perhaps. But such is the case, for man is the prime factor in this great struggle, man being the terminating point in the struggle.

This struggle was a war in Heaven. While it is clearly evident that this war was the greatest conflict ever waged between two opposing forces, yet it is described in just three short verses in the Bible. Here we are told that Michael and his angels fought on one side and the Devil and his angels fought on the other side, and that the Devil and his angels were cast out of Heaven and down with man, which would naturally lead us up to

THE SECOND STRUGGLE

Woe to the inhabitants of the earth and of the sea; for the Devil is come down unto you, having great wrath. *Revelation*

Well, it seems from the tone of this statement, if the Bible is true that man has something ahead of him, something in his way.

If the Devil and his angels could go up against God himself and give Him a struggle then puny man would not be in his way. Nothing to fear in man. Does man give it up and run off and hide? Well Adam ran off and hid from God. But does he hide from the Devil? No, not Adam.

Man goes up against the Devil and the struggle is on.

Now we are told by one of the world's greatest poets, and though he was blind, seems to have been the only human that knew anything at all about this business, that the first thing that the Devil and his angels did after they bumped the earth, was to call a council of war to determine on the best means of revenge on their conqueror.

After mature deliberation on various plans, such as the recapture of Heaven, etc., they decided it most feasible to get out on the earth and knock out that little feeble human race, man. That would spite God considerable, and wouldn't be so very hard to do.

The second great war is declared and the second great struggle is on in full blast.

Satan, like any other great strategic general will have as his plan of warfare one special aim. Though he will take care to deal out injury to his foes in every conceivable way, yet he will have one line on which he will press the offensive. This one main offensive in this first actual conflict with man is to have them forget God and serve other gods, or false idols.

After a few hundred years of dreadful silent conflict in which the mind, the will, the conscience, and the judgment of finite and mortal man is pitted against the shrewdest of adversaries, the darkest destroying demon, the fate of man seems to be sealed. He has forgotten his Creator.

In this, if not the darkest, one of the darkest hours of the history of the world, and at a time when wickedness and crime is rampant throughout the earth, and the Creator of man has almost given it up himself, and is ready to destroy man from the earth and try it over, there is discovered a germ, a nucleus.

Now we all know what a germ or a nucleus is. There is a little grain of corn, the rats may gnaw its sides, chip off its corners, but so long as the germ of that little grain of corn is untouched, the grain is safe. Thus it was at this serious moment with humanity, the germ, the nucleus was untouched. Righteous Noah was that nucleus.

Though the floods came and swept them into the kingdom of Satan, man was saved. I have oft times

wondered whether Satan shed tears of joy when he enrolled them in his kingdom, or wept tears of anguish when he saw the nucleus safely sailing that stormy sea.

I have heard it stated that Satan never sleeps, but I would very much like to know just how he and his hunchback followers spent the next few decades. Does he give it up? No sir, not Satan.

Time passes, men multiply, and they go out upon the breadth of the earth, build cities, lay out kingdoms, and all go off into idolatry again. But there is one division, the descendents of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the Israelites, that are giving Satan the fight of his life. But we must readily know that this people, surrounded on every side by idolatry and wicked and heathen nations, and subjected to the onslaughts of the most heinous and subtle destroyer that walks up and down the earth, are also getting the fight of their life. Will Satan knock them?

God looks down on that jungle of lost humanity, whom he has created and given independent wills to do as they please, and watches from his Heavenly throne a war that almost surpasses his own understanding.

Yes, the children of Israel are now the nucleus. Satan knows it, and he marshalls his forces against that fort and the woeful war goes on.

God loves that struggling people, makes them the sweetest of promises, proves to them time and again by his miraculous power that he and he only is the

true and living God; then he chastises them bitterly when they forsake Him, and lends them all assistance that he had reserved for himself in their creation, but the woeful war goes on.

At last ten of the tribes God loved so well are overwhelmed, carried away into captivity and possibly swept into the kingdom of Satan, for we hear of them no more.

Two of the tribes, the tribe of Judah, supported by the little remnant from Benjamin are given old Satan the blues. These are now the nucleus, and they, too, have the record, the book that tells how the whole thing started, and of the true and living God. Will Satan get them?

At last these two tribes are also overwhelmed, carried into captivity, and mixed up with nations who have long since forgotten God.

Surely Satan has the nucleus and the record now.

Seventy weary years of captivity, toiling for an idolatrous nation, and yet they come forth as gold from the refinery. What are you going to do about it, Satan?

'Tis now Satan calls a council of war, and this is just about what he says: Boys, we are fighting this stiffnecked bunch on the wrong line, we must change our tactics. It is true that we have all the rest of humanity safe for our kingdom, and this little bunch wouldn't amount to anything at all, but they have the

record. It's the record we want and we must have it at all cost, at all hazards. God is still looking down on the dreadful conflict.

A careful consideration of the plans for the next campaign would reveal to us this arrangement:

Satan says: Now God has promised this stiffnecked people, a Saviour, a king. Now we will be content to let the world move on as it is, as we have all the kingdoms of earth safe anyway, and we will put in the next few hundred years educating this stubborn people to expect an earthly king and when that king comes and refuses to fight for them they will reject him, possibly kill him, and then we will get them and the record, too, and the record is what we want. This leads us up to

THE THIRD STRUGGLE

Fear not: for behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

For unto you is born this day, in the city of David, a Saviour, which is Christ the Lord. *Luke.*

Well, the momentous time has come, the world's greatest event. And we are told that there was no little stir in Heaven, angels singing: Peace on earth good will to men. Shepherds from the nearby hills. Wise men from the east. There is something doing in Bethlehem just now.

And we may rest assured that in Satan's camp there is no small stir. For if they can only defeat this new born king of that stiffnecked bunch of Jews who have the record, the victory over God is won.

Rachael weeps over her decapitated children there in Bethlehem, but the little king is riding safely away to a foreign land. Satan and his angels didn't get him as they so hoped to do.

But when those scribes and Pharisees began to inquire about this so called king of the Jews, and learn that he was born in a manger, and had grown up in Nazareth, they shook their heads and said: He's no king.

And again, when they came down there to where he was and told him to perform some miracle, and then they would believe on him, He refused to perform a miracle and told them about Jonah, and left them.

And again, when he was hanging on that cruel cross, they said: Let him now come down from the cross, and we will believe he is our king. But he didn't come down. Then they said: He saved others, himself he cannot save. But he didn't come down. Surely Satan has got him now.

Jesus' devoted followers, the angels of Heaven, and Satan and his angels see him placed away in Joseph's new tomb, and the great stone rolled against the door, and the Roman seal which it is death to break placed upon that stone. Surely Satan has got him now. Will he arise? Three days will tell the tale.

We fancy that if there ever were three days that Satan did not sleep these are the three days.

Fear not ye; I know that ye seek Jesus, which was crucified. He is not here; for he is risen, as he said. Come see the place where the Lord lay.

And go quickly, and tell his disciples that he is risen from the dead; and behold, he goeth before you into Galilee; there shall ye see him; lo, I have told you.

Matthew.

Ah, Satan, you have completely lost the first battle in this the third great struggle. Does he give it up? No sir, not Satan.

Satan says to his angels: Now we will enlist the support of these stiffnecked Jews who are expecting an earthly king, and they will crucify every one of his followers, and then we will get the record.

One after another of the devoted followers of the lowly Nazarene yield up their life in defense of the record, but others, even from a different race, step in, in defense of the record, and the Jews who have just rejected one king offered them, are without any king at all and they and Satan, too, are unable to get the record.

It is here that Satan calls another council of war, and he says: Now we are not able with the help of this handful of Jews to stop this new religion, but we can do this, we can get off down here in some of these strong heathen nations, that will worship anything and we can tell them that there is one true and living

God and one only, that idol worship is wrong, and that all idols should be destroyed, and all peoples who do not believe that there is one God and one only, should be conquered and compelled to worship one God; and with the help of this strong nation and the help of the Jews who will not accept Jesus of Nazareth and the new religion, we can crush out the few who are sticking to that new religion they call Christianity and we will get rid of God's Son and do away with that part of the record and defeat God at last. This leads us up to

THE FOURTH STRUGGLE.

Now, while we clearly have the evidence that Satan and his angels left no stone unturned to hinder the reading of the record in every part of the land, yet the concentrated effort is down there in Arabia, where an idolatrous nation is cared for and made to prosper until it becomes a mighty power.

Here in this country, in the little city of Mecca, is discovered a lad with a magnificent mind, a lad, who if he had have had the splendid opportunity of lads of our day and time, might have become a power in this world for good.

Satan takes this lad, educates him, and instructs him in the true knowledge of what a true and living God would have him know. Yes, Satan is now squarely lined up with the one true and living God.

Later when this precocious lad is well developed into a magnificent man, Satan takes him up to Jerusalem and there he gets a square look into what we would call, Civilization.

Mohammed, for that is his name, sees here in this great center of civilization two great and opposing factors, the Jew, teaching that there is one true and living God, and one only, and that some day they will have a king, a redeemer through which, and under whom they will rule the nations of earth. The Christian, teaching that there is one true, and living God and that he has a Son, one Jesus of Nazareth, whom they say all the nations of earth should serve as well as to serve God. And teaching that this Jesus of Nazareth is the long expected Redeemer, and that he is already come, and though crucified and buried arose from the dead. And that the long expected kingdom is not of this world.

Mohammed sees the vision, he gets the inspiration, and after his return to his native land, he goes into seclusion to study it out.

Satan, in order to make it real, and to give it the proper tint, has this devoted, though deluded mortal persecuted, and driven from his home to other lands. Then he gives him the determination, and the necessary wealth to put in execution what he has determined upon.

That is, that he will destroy all idols and idol worship from off the earth, and compel every nation to worship the one true and living God, and him only.

Beginning with a handful of followers, as would be necessary to give it color, and under the banner, the Crescent, he goes forth into the wide world, and the fourth struggle is on in full blast.

Victorious, Mohammed and his devoted followers push to the Southward, where all idols are destroyed and the population is enrolled under the protection of the beautiful Crescent.

Pushing eastward, the victorious army, proclaiming one true and living God and one only, swept all before them; even whole armies of Buddhists, and Brahmins, were lined up, and when told to renounce their idols and their heathen religion, and acknowledge the one true and living God, and Mohammed as his prophet, meekly submitted.

Pushing westward, they come to the great Red Sea, that Pharaoh's magnificent army tried to cross and failed. But the Crescent that is proclaiming the one true and living God, and one only, a God in which the mighty armies of Pharaoh were not trusting, when they tried it, crossed over, and into Darkest Africa marched victorious, enrolling the millions under the protection of the Crescent, and the prophet.

And though the most noble prophet, Mohammed, had long since passed to his reward, others, just as ready and willing to give their life and all, to crush out idolatry, and establish the world-wide worship of the one true and living God, and one only, were ready to take his place, and die for the glorious Crescent.

Pushing on up northward to the Holy Land, Palestine, the Crescent meets with its first even slight reversal. They find that the mighty city Jerusalem, has been overrun by a great northern power, and not one stone scarcely has been left upon another, and the Jews, whom they have been expecting to take up the defense of the one true and living God, and him only, and who would aid them in the destruction of idolatry from the earth, have been expelled from the country, and have been scattered to the four winds of the earth, and have become a hiss and a byword in every land of the earth.

Undaunted by this, however, they carry the beautiful crescent on up there, and plant it triumphantly, on the southern shore of the Great Sea, and they look northward and wonder if there be any idols in that northern land.

Just here the author will insert certain correspondence, and though the correspondence is not verbatim, and is condensed, as the author can condense it, and yet retain its full significance, is self explanatory.

Here is the correspondence, condensed:
Most Venerable Pontiff:

You will confer a great favor upon the Crescent and the Caliph, if you will state your position upon the proposition of having all idolatrous worship stamped out of the earth; also, your position in regard to renouncing Christianity, and having all people, nations,

and tongues serve the one true and living God, and him only, and acknowledging the revered Mohammed as his prophet. Yours Reverently,

The Caliph.

THE REPLY.

Most Beneficent Caliph:

Your most affectionate friend, the Pontiff, together with all his most obedient subjects, will vie with you and your obedient followers in extirpating from earth all idolatrous worship.

And most beneficent Caliph, for you and your success we will ever lift our voice to God in prayer, that this abomination before the Lord may be removed from earth.

Most beneficent Caliph, would it be satisfactory to your Honor and your Majesty, for you to take all the earth on the south side of the Great Sea, and compel all people, nations and tongues, to acknowledge the true and living God, and Mohammed as his prophet, while we will take all lands on the north side of the Great Sea, and drive out all idolatrous worship, and compel all people, nations, and tongues, to worship the true and living God, his blessed Son and the Virgin Mary.

Yours in Reverence,

The Pontiff.

THE REPLY.

Most Venerable Pontiff:

The Crescent will cleave the skull of every one who says: God has a Son.

Yours Reverently,

The Caliph.

Well, as much as we have read about man, and as little as we know about man, there is one thing that we do know about man, that is, he will die for his religion, be that religion true or false.

Consequently, the glorious Crescent sails out over the Great Sea; is carried into the city of seven hills, where it takes the place of the humiliated Cross, where it streams from the domes of those ancient cathedrals, built those centuries ago by the representatives of Christianity!

And now the cleaving of skulls is on in full blast, great libraries go up in flames in order to get the record, and darkness is again upon the face of the deep.

Westward the empire of the glorious Crescent takes its course. Past the foothills of the snowy Alps, through all the isles of that great deep sea, throughout Spain where the people bow in submission to the glorious Crescent. But it does not stop yet. Over in to Gaul, where the people drink the gall of wormwood, the Crescent is firmly planted.

Surely the true and the living God, and one only has prevailed.

Surely the flames that have licked up those magnificent libraries have also licked up the record that tells how it happened in the beginning. Surely Satan has won out victorious at last.

Are there any others who will dare say that God has a Son?

Well, yes. Just over the mountain, right hard by, is a sect, a remnant that say God has a Son, and his name is Christ Jesus.

The glorious Crescent again moves forward followed by those hordes of dusky Arabs, they pour through the mountain passes, out into that lovely valley, where that magnificent dusky army meets the nucleus, led by one Charles the Hammer, and that nucleus gives to that glorious Crescent one of the most glorious drubbings that any glorious flag ever got on this mundane sphere.

Those dusky Moslems turn their heels toward Iceland, their toes homeward, and they make old Mother time smile as they gain upon her.

Yes, the Son of God is safe, Christianity is safe, the record is safe, the nucleus is safe, and the venerable Pontiff himself has been rescued.

We fancy that the God of Heaven looked down from his beautiful throne and said to his angles: Well, I wouldn't hardly have thought it myself.

And Satan with tears streaming said to his angels: Well what on earth did God make man out of anyway? Did he give it up? No sir, not Satan.

Lest my readers should conclude that I have no mind for the side issues, I will depart from the regular line of thought, that of the struggle for the record, and mention this incident. A small portion of this great Moslem army withdrew from the struggle, went down there in Southern Spain, and in that Heaven blessed country, they began to build them homes, saying: We believe in one true and living God, but as to whether Mohammed, or Christ Jesus is the prophet, we know not, we will let them settle that. As for us we will build us some beautiful homes here in this beautiful land. As years went by there sprang up there in beautiful Andalusia a veritable Garden of Eden. Oh, such beautiful homes, as were there in that lovely land.

Now Satan doesn't like that kind of business. He gets him up a horde of church members; they go down there and drive out those peaceful unprotected Moors. Drive them, fathers, mothers, husbands, wives and children, across the sea into darkest Africa, to begin anew.

Yes, Satan gets them also, out of their beautiful Garden of Eden.

And yet we meet up with smart men who say there is no such fellow as Satan.

But we must stick to our subject—the struggle for the record. And this leads us up to

THE FIFTH STRUGGLE.

Satan as usual calls a council of war, and if what occurred during the next few centuries, is any indication of what that council decided upon, here is the program for the campaign. That they will not try, particularly try, to get the nations to forget God. That they will not try further to destroy idolatrous worship. That they will not try further to do away with God's Son. And they will not try longer to get the record out of man's possession. But they will go among men and stir them up one against the other, people against people, nation against nation until no one can have an opportunity to read or teach the record and by this plan they will get most all the human beings who come on to the earth hereafter, and thus defeat God at last.

Well, if nation arising against nation, and kingdom against kingdom and church against church, can be considered a struggle, then the fifth great struggle is on in full blast. To even mention the names of the wars, would require a volume almost. Possibly there are those who do not believe that Satan and his angels had anything to do with the shedding of the blood that flowed out on the sands during those few centuries, but I can't see it that way.

We know that those who would teach the true and undefiled word of God during those trying years were sorely oppressed. Why, they were not permitted to believe them hardly, much less teach them to others.

But at last, ground down by religious persecution, some of them decide to seek refuge from oppression in the newly discovered lands.

With their scant worldly possessions, their precious children and what is still more precious, the record, they trust themselves and all that is dear to them, in those frail ships, the Mayflower, and others, upon the bosom of that great wide ocean, to go in search of a land where they can worship God and his blessed Son, as their conscience tells them is proper.

After weary months of drifting upon the bosom of the deep, they reach the haven of safety.

In our mind we see those precious mortals, as they step out of those frail barks, onto the rocks, they lift high their hand in which they clasp the record, and praise God for their deliverance.

Of course these little bands of pilgrims do not escape Satan's notice, but what will they amount to in that far away land beyond the deep blue sea. So the struggle goes on in full blast in the old world.

Now one thing that has helped me to believe in a true and living God, is that I believe in a true and living Satan, and one thing that has helped me to believe in a true and living Satan, is that he is not perfect. He makes blunders. Well if Satan ever made a blunder, he made one when he let that little band of pilgrims escape to the new world with the record.

Years go by, the little pilgrim bands grow into settlements, the settlements grow in to colonies, the

colonies grow into states, and into a commonwealth that is now able to send the record back to those deluded nations. The New World is now able to assist the old world by sending them the record, by sending them the gospel of the crucified Lord.

Now I believe in a real live personal Satan. I have had too much dealings with Satan not to believe in him as a personal Satan. But in my heart I doubt if Satan ever thought that such a thing would happen at any time that the time would come when the people of the New World would send the gospel to those nations he had kept wrapped up in darkness, and superstition. But the time has come and the next thing for Satan is to stop it. This leads us up to

THE SIXTH STRUGGLE.

There are many who believe there is no such being as Satan. There are many who believe Satan is some kind of mysterious evil influence permeating space. There are many who believe Satan is a real live active being, going up and down the earth seeking whom he may devour.

But there are few who have the real accurate knowledge of Satan, as he really is, and of his power to wreck and destroy humanity.

There are many who would say that none but the simple would presume to speak of Satan in regard to the tactics, or schemes he devises to carry on his offensive warfare against humanity.

We rather believe that to presume to speak of the tactics of Satan, or of his campaigns in advance of these campaigns, would be stretching our presuming power to some extent. But after these campaigns have been waged to a finish, we feel that we can discuss them.

As an example, there is a strong fortress over there, protected by all the munitions of war, and under the care of a great strategic general, backed up by a determined and resolute army of soldiers.

Around this seemingly impregnable fortress is drawn up a great besieging army, led by another great strategic general, backed up by a determined and resolute army of soldiers.

Now to presume as to what will be the tactics of that besieging general in reducing that fortress, would be folly, the only scheme useful to the besieged, is eternal vigilance.

A council of war is called, the plans are mapped out, the campaign arranged for. During the still hours of some dark and dreary night, when perhaps the lightning is flashing and the rain is pattering, the cannons suddenly burst forth on the very weakest place, in that great fortress. The tactics of the besieging army now coming to be known, all the forces of the besieged are hurriedly drawn from all other parts of the fortress to meet the onslaughts at the attacking point; when suddenly, to the dismay of the besieged, the cannons

belch forth their destructive missiles against the very strongest point of that great fortress where least expected, and the struggle is on in full blast.

Exactly so in the awful struggle between that dark destroying demon and mortal man.

All great generals make their mistakes and fail, so does Satan. Satan failed when he thought to make himself equal with God. He failed when he tried to get the infant king at Bethlehem. He failed when he had them put the Roman seal on the great stone at the Saviour's tomb. Though he has swept millions of millions of humanity into his kingdom, he has so far failed to knock out from earth, that feeble race, man. Does he give it up? No sir, not Satan.

Satan calls a council of war, and if secular history is to be believed, here is what most assuredly happened; Satan tells his followers that they must reverse their tactics; that man cannot be made to forget his Creator; that man will worship God's Son Christ Jesus; that the record cannot be taken from man by force; that they cannot be made to destroy each other; that a great and powerful nation has grown up in the new world in spite of the savages; that this great nation has even stamped on its dollar: In God we trust; that this nation is now able to put a stop to human butchery; that this nation is now able to send the record back to those deluded nations, and are preparing to do so, and the thing to do is to prevent such action. The campaign is arranged and the sixth struggle is on in full blast.

The rat begins to gnaw at the little grain of corn, it does not concern itself about the outer part of the grain, but strikes at once at the heart, it reaches for the kernel, the germ, the nucleus.

Precisely so with Satan, he wants the nucleus. What does it matter with Satan about those heathen nations, if he can only keep the record from them.

That nucleus comes together, in order to arrange a campaign for foreign missions and they are hopelessly divided, almost at daggers' points, and divided against themselves the struggle goes on.

Now, in a condensed form as the writer is able to give it, and retain the essence, some of the proceedings of the nucleus will here be given:

Brethren, I am bitterly opposed to foreign missions, not that I desire to keep my money, but because it is an insult to God. That man should presume to assist God in the salvation of those heathens, whom he can save, being omnipotent, and having the power to save them. It is casting a slur on our all omnipotent Creator to admit that he cannot save whom he will, without man's assistance. I'm against it.

Brethren, I very much favor foreign missions, because the book tells us to go into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature, and it says to go out into the byways and hedges and seek for the lost. I'm for it.

Brethren, that was spoken to the disciples, and does not apply to us on this side of the ocean. How can we leave our families and cross the great ocean and give

our lives in an effort to save those heathens, whom God can save without our acting the fool that way. Can we take God's place in his great plan of salvation? I oppose it.

Brethren, we are told if we do not forsake our fathers and our mothers, our wives and children, our houses and lands for his sake that we are not worthy of Him. I sanction the move.

Brethren, it says here plainly that all who were ordained to be saved believed, and to go across the ocean to save heathens that are not ordained to be saved is foolishness, besides they are the seed of the devil and ought to be damned. I won't put in a nickel.

Brethren, man's will is free to choose, he is a free moral agent, to whom is given the power to become a child of God, if he will only accept the gift of eternal life, while it is offered, but how can he believe on God if he has not heard of Him, and how can he hear of God unless we send some one over there to tell him about God. I make a motion that we send some one over there to tell them about God.

Brethren, I second the motion.

I beg and plead with my readers that they pardon me for not giving the rest of the proceedings of the nucleus, for it extended over a period of a hundred years almost, and it would take me too long to give it all, and you would have time to read it all, besides it has hardly died out yet, but it leads us up to

THE SEVENTH STRUGGLE.

Satan calls a council of war, and if Satan talks to his angels as God talks to His angels, here in substance is what took place:

Satan speaking says: My highly esteemed, devoted and loyal subjects, I am lacking in words to express my appreciation of you, and the heroic efforts you have put forth in our struggle to capture the record and get it out of Man's possession. For these heroic efforts I shall ever admire and adore you.

But my devoted and loyal subjects, it is with the deepest grief and profound sorrow, that I am forced to announce to you that our last great offensive has completely failed. I cannot understand man; what he is and what God put into him besides dust and wind, anyway.

Satan continues: Man has now gone ahead, and built up a great nation over there where through all these centuries the red savages have roamed at will. And now that great nation will check these destructive wars we are propagating. And now man is sending the record to every corner of the earth. He is even educating that red savage, that scalped so many of them when they were helpless, and tomahawked their women, and crushed out the brains of the helpless infants. He is even sending the record to the Japs and Chinese, and though we have shouted "yellow peril" into the ears of that great nation both day and night, for years, yet they are sending the record to these peo-

ple whom we have so long deluded. And he has not stopped here. He is sending the record to those black heathen nations whom we have taught to wear rings in their noses.

Something must be done to stop man in his work. Besides, my dear devoted loyal subjects, do you see that lake of fire yonder that is made of brimstone? That record says that when the gospel is preached to every nation on earth, that we will be cast into that lake of fire, and that the smoke of our torment will ascend up forever and ever.

Then it behooves us to be up and doing, to sleep not day or night in holding back the spread of the gospel.

But we must change our tactics. We must go up against that nation that is spreading the gospel all over the earth and we must fight against the purity of the record they are propagating. We must search out the most magnificent minds of all those mortals, and have them go out over the land and cry out against the purity of the record. Man who can talk as never man talked before, will proclaim that these records are impure, that they are a fabric of falsehoods from start to finish, and that such statements would not be countenanced in any court in the land, and too, they are obscene literature, and should be kept from the hands of those precious boys and girls. This plan will get hundreds of them.

Then we will go among the master minds of that nation, we will have them write books, in which they will proclaim that the impossibilities of the record

are so evident, and the inconsistencies are so pertinent, and the incongruities of the record are so indisputable, that large portions of the record should be expunged, and in that way we will get thousands of them.

But the very greatest scheme of all, and the one on which we should all concentrate our forces, is to get into the very nucleus itself, and teach them that this record has been in the hands of man and has therefore necessarily become defective and insufficient, and that it is now man's duty to step in and correct these deficiencies. Then we will have the nucleus to toil and labor over the languages that we have long since put out of existence, to understand them, and to rewrite the record; and we must have them to actually improve on it in some instances, and then in the centuries to come, when they see that it is no longer dangerous to add to, or take from the record, we will have them to again rewrite the record and to suit their own opinions of how it should be written, so that way on down in those centuries to come they will be saying to each other, lo, here is the record, and lo, there is the record, until if it be possible for us to do so, we will deceive the very nucleus itself.

The plans are laid, the campaign is formulated, the dark hosts of that fell destroyer, Satan, go forth into the earth, like an army of locusts, and the seventh struggle is now on in full blast.

He shall deliver thee in six troubles; yea, in seven there shall no evil touch thee. *Job.*

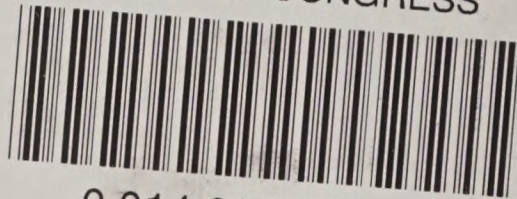
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